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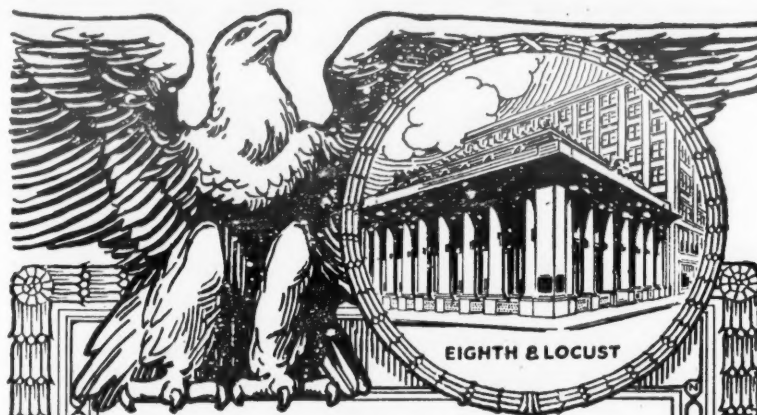
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# REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXV. No. 28

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**WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.**

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## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

*Deutschland ueber Alles*

WHEN the submarine *Deutschland* came into port at Baltimore it accomplished a more worthy achievement than the under-sea-boat that sank the *Lusitania*. It struck a more tremendous blow at British sea-supremacy. The trip makes a joke of the British blockade of German ports. Sea commerce is revolutionized for all time. If a thousand tons of freight can be carried in such vessels, why not before long forty times that much? No need to enlarge upon the event as an exemplification of German resourcefulness. It is simply splendid. Do some Teuto-phobes see in it a subtle threat against this country? So be it. This country must meet the new situation created. We have the courage, the skill, the quality of soul and brain to challenge the daring of the Germans. The *Deutschland* voyage is a great moral victory. No true American will withhold due honor for the men and the nation that organized it. Here's one case of *Deutschland ueber Alles* which none may disparage.

### Pensions and Pay

So the Carnegie Foundation's teachers' pension has not worked out satisfactorily. Only the myopic-minded expected otherwise. There were too many restrictions upon those who had to qualify for aid. Moreover, those who aspired to benefit by the plan had a tendency to reckon upon it, to the neglect of thrift. Now it is proposed that the fund shall be re-constituted so as to make teachers participate in its accumulation before partaking of its distribution benefits. That will work better. But there is a still better way to provide for teachers in old age. That is to pay them better salaries during their best working years. Then they can and measurably will provide for their own support in the time of their age-impaired activity. No better social remedy is known than the assurance to the worker in any line of the full value of his labor.

### The Hymn of Hate

If the Allies go in for a trade pact against the Teutons and the Teutons set up a high protective *Zollverein* against the Allies after the war, how about ourselves? Won't they try to shut us out of their markets? And if they do, won't we retaliate by excluding them from our markets? Already we are in a panic against "dumping." Already our infant industries cry out lustily for aid against abroad. Fair trade, to say nothing of free trade, is gravely imperiled. Peace, even before it comes, takes on the aspect of a war after the war. The world's later state may be worse than its present state. Those who want protection are singing "the hymn of hate."

### Good Riddance

THANK heaven the hyphenate hysteria is already banished from the Presidential canvass. There isn't any "Kaiser's candidate." If fool German-Americans are for Hughes, it doesn't follow that he is for them. If fool German-Americans denounce Wilson, wiser German-Americans are supporting him. Even Roosevelt did not scarify all German-Ameri-

cans. And German-Americans will mostly vote, as they have in the past, the Republican ticket. Hundreds of thousands of German-Americans love Germany, but they don't hate the United States. All talk of their disloyalty to this country has died or is dying away. And everybody is glad of it.

THUS far Tub Hedrick, of the "Hit and Miss" column of the *Chicago News*, has perpetrated the unparalleled atrocity of the presidential campaign, thus: "Three shears for Mr. Hughes."

### A Word for Teddy

HAS *Collier's Weekly* gone back on Roosevelt? It contains a cartoon this week showing him chloroforming the Bull Moose. I don't think that's fair, nor will I accept as true its suggestion, until Roosevelt renders more characteristic support of Hughes than he has yet voiced. The Colonel is a fighter, not a strategist. He was out-strategized at Chicago. It was like a tragedian essaying comedy. He got himself into an inextricable position by his virulence against Wilson and had to eat crow. So it is that he is now somewhat absurd in the role of captive chained to the conqueror's car. And it is possible he may take another leaf from Bryan's book and do to Hughes what the Nebraskan did to Alton B. Parker in 1904. Whatever one may think of Roosevelt's policies he is not dead until he's buried. His surrender to the inevitable has been pitiable, so far as we can now see, but he is a very much alive human being, and he may yet wring vindication and a triumph from untoward circumstance. A way not to do this would be to accept a United States Senatorship from New York. If he takes anything for himself it will seem as if he betrayed his followers. Those of us who are fond of Roosevelt, but could not vote for him, cannot bring ourselves to believe that he is capable of such treason. He has been humbled. We hope he will not humiliate himself. It is grievous to see *Collier's* turning upon him.

### Parker Marooned

THAT man Parker, of Louisiana, who is running for Vice-President on the Progressive ticket, is having the time of his life on the burning deck whence all but he have fled. It seems that he isn't even going to be officially and formally notified of his nomination. It's another case of "Injun not lost, wigwam lost." His party will not be a party to his candidacy. And he makes a noise like another Southern outrage. He hasn't got off the ticket and the people who nominated him say there is no ticket. Mr. Parker will begin soon to wonder if he isn't a sun-myth.

### Taxes, Wrong and Right

No one grumbles much over the prospect of a lowered exemption figure under the income tax, or over heavier taxes. No one, that is, except Republicans, who want to go back to a Haman-high protective tariff. The tax scheme of the Administration is generally accepted as about the best that can be expected in the present state of intelligence among our leaders. It is all wrong from a rational standpoint. For it taxes what people give to the country, rather than what they get from the country. It taxes earned income as well as



unearned, when only the latter should bear the burden. It should tax the parasites alone, but it taxes the producers more than the parasites. It does not touch at all the greatest fund of socially-created wealth, the country's land values. Those values have increased enormously with our war-prosperity. They are multiplied by every step in preparedness. They get the first rake-off on munitions profits. They fatten on the business done by the movies. But the land value increases are untouched by the taxes. Rents go up with the taxes. Everybody pays and everybody works but the landlord.

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#### *An Emasculated Bill*

HAVE you seen the Administration's new shipping bill? It's like Lewis Carroll's Cheshire cat that disappeared all but its smile. That shipping bill is the finest ruin of a bill I know. It is a glorious example of a self-repealing ordinance. It could not be more harmless if it had been drawn up by the lawyers of the Shipping Trust. It's a world's wonder for weasel-wordedness. It empowers the Government to do—nothing. Before the Government finds out how to do that nothing, the war will probably be over and foreign shipping will again have control of the ocean-carrying trade. That German submarine merchantman is a sign of what's going to happen to our plans for the rehabilitation of our merchant marine. Great Britain will have more ships than she had before the war. The subtlety of our shipping bill is so fine that it reaches a vanishing point.

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#### *Up Goes Meat*

DON'T indulge the hope that meat prices are coming down. Never again. The United States Department of Agriculture says high prices for meat will continue indefinitely. In 1914 and 1915, we imported more fresh, chilled and frozen meat than we exported. Population increases faster than the meat supply. More than that, there's a waste of food animals. In sixteen years, 1,475,000 cattle have died annually from disease, and 1,500,000 from exposure. In 1914, no less than 7,000,000 hogs died of cholera. This loss could have been prevented. Now, sociologists tell us meat isn't good for us anyhow, and we should, as well as must, eat less of it. Fine for the vegetarians! They say meat-eating is the great disease breeder. That's why we, as the greatest meat-eating nation, have more staple and fancy diseases. But the meat-eating people are the world-makers and world-shakers. Shall we go backward to a rice-diet, like India's. Japan has been getting off the rice and on to the meat and wheat diet. Why is our supply of food animals diminishing? The cattle ranges have vanished. The free land has been monopolized. The small farmer cannot afford to raise cattle. The Meat Trust has been able to control prices, making them low to the cattle-raiser, high to the meat-consumer. Cattle-raising could be tremendously encouraged by taxing the land of the old ranges now held idle for a speculative rise. Land speculation has killed the cattle industry. It puts a prohibitive penalty on the use of grazing land. The single tax would increase the cattle supply and lower the cost of meat to the consumer. The meat magnates have cornered grazing lands in South America. The meat question is a land question, and don't you forget it!

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#### *Publications and Postage*

POPS up now a proposal of a zone system of graduated rates for mailing periodicals. The newspapers want it, for newspapers do not distribute over large areas, while magazines are sent all over the country. According to the newspapers the mail rates on magazines

constitute a subsidy. But almost all periodicals are subsidized. The newspapers lose money on their circulations; so do the magazines. They are sold for less than the cost of production—much less. The advertisers make the profits for both newspapers and periodicals. They pay the mail rates. Newspapers and periodicals are distributed free—so far as they are concerned. Very few publications of any kind have been making any money for two or probably three years. The cost of paper has become a terrible burden. The advertiser finds the advertising rates leaping upward riotously in the case of the publications with circulations up near the million mark. The smaller publications are being shut off from advertising patronage. These are the facts about the mail rates for periodicals and newspapers. The bigger ones are subsidized. The advertiser pays the postage. And publications are not getting better as they grow greater. The low postage subsidy cannot be justified on any theory of encouraging the increase of intelligence. Therefore the publishers should not be solely considered in this matter. They should not be pampered with special privilege. They should pay what it costs the Government to carry their product by mail. If they did, we should probably have fewer papers and better.

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#### *Why Gardner Looks Good*

The Prohibitionists and the gangsters in the Democratic party of Missouri are making common cause against the candidacy of Col. Fred Gardner for the gubernatorial nomination. Col. Gardner's offense is two-fold. He opposes prohibition without a referendum to the people, and he proposes a business administration of the State without nepotism, perversion of school funds to other purposes, starving educational institutions, appropriation beyond the revenues, and general administrative incompetency. Then, too, his land-bank bill has raised up against him all the money-sharks who have for years fattened upon the farmer. Against him are all the *Smirk Mudflints*, the usurers, the political *Pimp Ya-hoos*, all the blithering blatherskites who roast the corporations on the stump and serve them in office. Against him conspicuously is the ex-king of the legislative lobby and all his satellites, all the recipients of alumoney in the good old days before Joe Folk. There are decent men opposing Col. Gardner, but they are not leading the anvil chorus. All the discredited State House clique are after him in full cry. And all that he has done to merit all this is that he has said he is opposed to statutory prohibition without submission to the people and that he will run the State within its income and not for the benefit of a legion of pap-suckers. The best testimonial to Col. Gardner is the line-up against him.

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#### *The Religious Vendetta*

ALL over the country secret organizations are boycotting Roman Catholic aspirants to office. In retaliation, Roman Catholics are boycotting in business men who are supposed or known to belong to those secret organizations. This means the spread of suspicion and distrust and hatred. It generates a vicious social anarchy. Political and business blackmail flourishes. Innocent men are punished for opinions they do not hold. There is a revel of a kind of assassination. A country-wide religious feud is set in operation. All of which is un-American. This is supposed to be a land of religious liberty. Creedal intolerance and bigotry poison life. They murder charity and brotherliness. It is saddening to see this condition intensifying. For it means a great going backward to base, ignoble things. I wish everyone who is in danger of being involved in this atavistic movement might read

"A History of Freedom of Thought," by Prof. J. B. Bury, Regius Professor of Modern History in Cambridge University, in Henry Holt & Co.'s Home University Library. Therein is told the story of the long battle between authority and reason and the atrocities growing out of attempts to coerce opinion. It is almost unbelievable that sane Americans want to revert to those cruelties so long, as we thought, left behind. When we read of the things for which, and the ways in which, men have been proscribed, mutilated, murdered—for matters of faith regarding things of the other world—and we find men of the twentieth century perverting to the persecutorial iniquities of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the thing is preposterous. Are we going back to barbarism with our Catholic-baiting, our Jew-baiting, not to mention our negro *auto da fes*? Does any rational human being believe that creedal vendettas advance the cause of anything that can be properly called religion, that there's any love of God in hatred of man? The best men for heart and brain and character in the country are not engaged in this secret, skulking work of social disruption. Those who know what is best know that without religious freedom we cannot well preserve any other freedom. Down with all forms of religious dark-lanternism!

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#### *Queer Kink in Hy. Kiel*

If Mayor Henry Kiel carries out his expressed intent of not reappointing Mr. Tom Rogers, chairman of the Efficiency Board, because of Mr. Rogers' refusal to exempt a political striker friend of the Mayor from an examination as to capability, specifically required by the City Charter the Mayor helped to adoption and promised to enforce, the result may be the nomination of Mr. Rogers for Mayor and the defeat of Mr. Kiel. The cheaper Republican politicians may not like the merit system in the public service, but the people of St. Louis, generally speaking, want it. Its embodiment in the Charter was one of the chief reasons for the Charter's adoption. Mayor Kiel is a very attractive personality and, broadly speaking, a good public servant, but in this matter of forcing out of office his own appointee because that appointee will not set aside the city's organic law for the benefit of a ward-worker of the most reprehensible type, the city's chief executive is acting like one who has nibbled of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner. Chairman Rogers represents the newer and better civic spirit and he stands squarely upon the law. The Mayor is playing to the incivism of gang politicians and stultifying his own professions of devotion to anti-spoilsism. He is nullifying his excellent record in many other matters of administration. He sets himself above the Charter. In doing this he brings out those qualities in Mr. Rogers which are likely to generate among the people a movement to make that gentleman the head of the city government and give him a chance to apply the Charter as it is plainly framed, in the interest of efficient, honest transaction of the public's business. I cannot understand how a Mayor so right as Mr. Kiel in so many things can be so wrong as in this matter of punishing an officer for doing his plain, sworn duty.

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#### *Uncrowned King of Great Britain*

DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE is Great Britain's Minister of War—after being nearly everything else. He is undoubtedly the best all-around man in the Empire. He has been alternately beloved and belabored by the aristocracy and the proletarians. He fought and made friends with the landlords, with the publicans and brewers, with the Labor leaders. He put through old age pensions and started a land valuation, the first since the Domesday



Book. He forced through a workmen's insurance bill. He reorganized British industry to supply munitions. He mollified the opposition to conscription. He favored woman suffrage and had his hat smashed for a reward. He stopped the ship-builders' strike on the Clyde. He led the fight to kill the veto of the House of Lords. He has patched up a measure to postpone internal strife in Ireland until after the war. He survived a tremendous scandal in Marconis—as no other man could have survived. In every post he has had in the past ten years he has displayed both practical wisdom in dealing with intricate affairs and the higher gifts of a Celtic orator and poet. He has been the Cabinet's supremely efficient man-of-all-work. Faction has found him fluid and incalculable, but patriotism finds him inexhaustible in service and devotion. He succeeds Kitchener and the work of the war is not interrupted. He is the uncrowned King of England and only the two Chestertons, Gilbert and Cecil, and Hilaire Belloc and the *Saturday Review* are barking at his heels. He may yet be the first President of the Federation of Great Britain, Ireland and the Dominions beyond sea.

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#### *Pax Mexicana*

NOBODY but the concessionaires is displeased with the turn of our affair with Mexico. We are not going in with our army to protect their dispossessions of the Mexican people. Most of the big American "rights" there that are bloviated about are wrongs. The American people and most of the American press—all of it not plainly capitalistic—are opposed to war, if, as now seems likely, we can establish a *modus vivendi* with Carranza as to border raids and satisfaction for Villa's murder and the Carrizal ambush. We shall, for the rest, let the Mexicans settle their own troubles and probably our troops will be withdrawn from that country, as—oh, bitterness of irony—Col. George Harvey advised when they went in. The President has changed his mind on all Mexican matters but one, and that is that he will not have war with Mexico if he can avoid it with honor.

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#### *British Efficiency*

OUR Laclede Gas Company is going to reduce its lighting rate. It is refreshing to note such a thing, but what is President C. L. Holman thinking of? He evidently hasn't read of the action of the Chelsea Electric Light Company, of London, and others in raising the price on consumers by 10 per cent. The companies mourn that the Daylight Saving Act of the Government has curtailed their profits by making people go to bed earlier, so, forsooth, they intend to run up the price of electricity! Clearly, Mr. Holman is not in step with British efficiency or he'd be charging us for light we don't use instead of lowering the price of light we do use.

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### Autocthon

By Edgar Lee Masters

IN a rude country some four thousand miles From Charles' and Alfred's birthplace you were born, In the same year. But Charles and you were born On the same day, and Alfred six months later. Thus start you in a sense the race together. . . . Charles goes to Edinburgh, afterwards His father picks him for the ministry, And sends him off to Cambridge where he spends His time on beetles and geology, Neglects theology. Alfred is here Fondling a Virgil and a Horace. But you—these years you give to reading Aesop, The Bible, lives of Washington and Franklin, And Kirkham's grammar.

In 1830 Alfred prints a book  
Containing "Mariana," certain other  
Delicate, wind-blown bells of airy music.  
And in this year you move from Indiana  
And settle near Decatur, Illinois,  
Hard by the river Sangamon where fever  
And ague burned and shook the poor  
Swamp saffron creatures of that desolate land.  
While Alfred walks the flowering lanes of England,  
And reads Theocritus to the song of larks  
You clear the forests, plow the stumpy land,  
Fight off the torments of mosquitoes, flies  
And study Kirkham's grammar.

In 1831 Charles takes a trip  
Around the world, sees South America,  
And studies living things in Galapagos,  
Tahiti, Keeling Island and Tasmania.  
In 1831 you take a trip  
Upon a flat-boat down to New Orleans  
Through hardships scarcely less than Joliet  
And Marquette knew in 1673,  
Return on foot to Orfutt's store at Salem.

By this time Jacques Rousseau was canonized;  
Jefferson dead but seven years or so;  
Brook Farm was budding, Garrison had started  
His *Liberator*, Fourier still alive;  
And Emerson was preening his slim wings  
For flights into broad spaces—there was stir  
Enough to sweep the Shelleyan heads,—in truth  
Shelley was scarcely passed a decade then.  
Old Godwin still was writing, wars for freedom  
Swept through the Grecian Isles, America  
Had "isms" in abundance, but not one  
Took hold of you.

In 1832 Alfred has drawn  
Out of old Mallory and Grecian myths  
The "Lady of Shallott" and fair "Oenone,"  
And put them into verse.  
This is the year you fight the Black Hawk war,  
And issue an address to Sangamon's people.  
You are but twenty-three, yet this address  
Would not shame Charles or Alfred; it's restrained,  
And sanely balanced, without extra words  
Or youth's conceits, or imitative figures, dreams  
Or "isms" of the day. No, here you hope  
That enterprise, morality, sobriety  
May be more general, and speak a word  
For popular education, so that all  
May have a "moderate education" as you say.  
And make a plea for railroads and canals.  
You ask the suffrages of the people, saying  
You have known disappointment far too much  
To be chagrined at failure, if you lose.  
They take you at your words and send another  
To represent them in the Legislature.  
Then you decide to learn the blacksmith's trade.  
But Fate comes by and plucks you by the sleeve,  
And changes history, doubtless.

By '36 when Charles returns to England  
You have become a legislator; yes  
You tried again and won. You have become  
A lawyer too, by working through the levels  
Of laborer, store-keeper and surveyor,  
Wrapped up in problems of geometry,  
And Kirkham's grammar and Sir William Blackstone,  
And Coke on Littleton, and Joseph Chitty.  
Brook Farm will soon bloom forth, Francois Fourier  
Is still on earth, and Garrison is shaking  
Terrible lightning at Slavocracy.  
And certain libertarians, *videlicet*  
John Greenleaf Whittier and others, sing  
The trampling out of grapes of wrath; in truth  
The Hebrews taught the idealist how to sing  
Destruction in the name of God and curse  
Where strength was lacking for the sword—but you  
Are not a Robert Emmett, or a Shelley,  
Have no false dreams of dying to bring in  
The day of Liberty. At twenty-three

You're measuring the world and waiting for  
Dawn's mists to clear that you may measure it,  
And know the field's dimensions ere you put  
Your handle to the plow.

In 1833 a man named Hallam,  
A friend of Alfred's, died at twenty-two.  
Thereafter Alfred worked his hopes and fears  
Upon the dark impasto of this loss  
In delicate colors. And in 1850  
When you were sunk in melancholia,  
As one of no use in the world, adjudged  
To be of no use by your time and place,  
Alfred brought forth his Dante dream of life,  
Received the laureate wreath and settled down  
With a fair wife amid entrancing richness  
Of sunny seas and silken sails and dreams  
Of Araby,  
And ivied halls, and meadows where the breeze  
Of temperate England blows the hurrying cloud.  
There, seated like an Oriental king  
In silk and linen clothed took the acclaim  
Of England and the world! . . .

#### This is the year

You sit in a little office there in Springfield,  
Feet on the desk and brood. What are you thinking?  
You're forty-one; around you spears are whacking  
The wind-mills of the day, you watch and weigh.  
The sun-light of your mind quivers about  
The darkness every thinking soul must know,  
And lights up hidden things behind the door,  
And in Dark corners. You have fathomed much,  
Weighed life and men. O what a sphere'd brain,  
Strong nerved, fresh blooded, firm in plasmic fire,  
And ready for a task, if there be one!  
That is the question that makes brooding thought:  
For you know well men come into the world  
And find no task, and die, and are not known—  
Great sphere'd brains gone into dust again,  
Their light under a bushel all their days!

In 1859 Charles publishes  
His "Origin of Species," and 'tis said  
You see it, or at least hear what it is.  
Out of three travelers in a distant land  
One writes a book of what the three have seen.  
Perhaps you never read much, yet perhaps  
Some books were just a record of your mind.  
How had it helped you in your work to read  
The "Idylls of the King?" As much, perhaps,  
Had Alfred read the Northwest Ordinance  
Of 1787. . . .

#### But in this year

Of '59 you're sunk in blackest thought  
About the country maybe, but, I think,  
About this riddle of our mortal life.  
You were a poet, Abraham, from your birth.  
That makes you think, and makes you deal at last  
With things material to the tune of laws  
Moving in higher spaces when you're called  
To act—and show a poet moulding stuff  
Too tough for spirits practical to mould.  
Here are you with your feet upon the desk.  
You have been beaten in a cause which kept  
Some strings too loose to catch the vibrate waves  
Of a great Harp whose music you have sensed.  
You are a mathematician using symbols  
Like Justice, Truth, with keenness to perceive  
Disturbance of equations, a logician  
Who sees invariable laws, and beauty born  
Of finding out and following the laws.  
You are a Plato brooding there in Springfield,  
You are a poet with a voice for Truth,  
And never to be claimed by visionaries  
Who chant the theme of bread and bread alone.

#### But here and now

They want you not for Senator, it seems.  
You have been tossed to one side by the rush  
Of world events, left stranded and alone  
And fitted for no use, it seems, in Springfield.



A country lawyer with a solid logic,  
And gift of prudent phrase which has a way  
Of hardening under time to rock as hard  
As the enduring thought you seal it with.  
You've reached your fiftieth year, your occultation  
Should pass, if ever, and we see a light:  
In all your life you have not seen a city.  
But now our Springfield giant strides Broadway,  
Thrills William Cullen Bryant, sets a wonder  
Going about the East, that Kirkham's grammar  
Can give a man such speech at Cooper Union  
Which even Alfred's, trained to Virgil's style,  
Cannot disdain for matching in the thought  
With faultless clearness.

And still in 1860 all the Brahmins  
Have fear to give you power.  
You are a backwoodsman, a country lawyer  
Unlettered in the difficult art of states.  
A denizen of a squalid western town,  
Dowered with a knack of argument alone,  
Which wakes the country school-house, and may  
lift

Its devotees to Congress by good fortune.  
But then at Cooper Union intuitive eyes  
Had measured your tall frame, and careful speech,  
Your strength and self-possession. Then they came  
With that dramatic sense which is American  
Into the hall with rails which you had split,  
And called you Honest Abe, and wearing badges  
With your face on them and the poor catch words  
Of Honest Abe, as if you were a referee  
Like Honest Kelly, when in truth no man  
Had ever been your intimate, ever slapped you  
With brisk familiarity, or called you  
Anything but Mr. Lincoln, never  
Abe, or Abraham, and never used  
The Hello Bill of salutation to you—  
O great patrician, therefore fit to be  
Great democrat as well!

In 1862 Charles publishes  
"How Orchid Flowers are Fertilized by Insects,"  
And you give forth a proclamation saying  
"The Union must have peace, or I wipe out  
The blot of negro slavery. You see,  
The symphony's the thing, and if you mar it  
Contending over slavery, I remove  
The source of the disharmony. I admit  
The freedom of the press—but for the Union.  
When you abuse the Union, you shall stop.  
And when you are in jail no habeas corpus  
Shall bring relief—I have suspended it."  
To-day they call you libertarian—  
Well, so you were, but just as Beauty is,  
And Truth is, even if they curb and vanquish  
The lower heights of beauty and of truth.  
They take your speech and deeds and give you place  
In Hebrew temples with Ezekiel  
Habakkuk and Isaiah—you emerge  
From this association, master man.  
You are not of the faith that breeds the ethic  
Wranglers, who make economic goals  
The strain and test of life. You are not one,  
Spite of your lash and sword threat, who believe  
God will avenge the weak. That is the dream  
Which builds milleniums where disharmonies  
That make the larger harmony shall cease—  
A dream not yours. And they shall lose you who  
Enthroned you as a prophet who cut through  
The circle of our human sphere of life  
To let in wrath and judgments, final tests  
On Life around the price of sparrows, weights  
Wherewith bread shall be weighed.

There is a windless flame where cries and tears,  
Where hunger, strife, and war and human blood  
No shadow cast, and where the love of Truth,  
Which is not love of individual souls,  
Finds solace in a Judgment of our life.  
That is the Flame that took both Charles and You—  
O song which cried for Beauty not for Bread!  
O leader in a Commonwealth of Thought!

## What I've Been Reading

SECOND ARTICLE.

By W. M. R.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, of and for Kansas, is one of our best writers. He has a style that is as fresh as Sam Blythe's but with more refinement than the persiflagitious Sam has time to put into his work. Moreover, there's a certain goodness about Will—not mawkish, just plain goodness, tolerance and sympathy. His humor is pervasively diffused over life and those who live it. His latest book, "God's Puppets" (Macmillan, New York), is a collection of short stories, and a good one. In the two sketches of boy life he accomplishes a marvel of re-creation of the boy point of view. They recall him at his best in his earliest sketches in "The King of Boyville." One of the stories of the "puppets" has to do with the thoughtless selfishness of a woman who is what the boys used to call "a teaser"—one of those women who almost cross the seventh commandment dead line, but have not the passion to do so. She mars three or four lives with her reckless flirtatiousness. But she's punished in the end by her father, a fine old Irish colonel wielding a hickory stick. The colonel is as good a creation, almost, as Thackeray's *Captain Costigan*. Another longer story, "One a Pharisee," tells a story of high finance and hypocrisy, with a triumph for just such a good bad man as Bret Harte loved to write about. There's another story of a machine Congressman, left high and dry by the newer and better politics, gradually falling in character until he becomes a mere played-out parasite upon the "interests" he formerly served, and finally little more than a cadger or a bum. This is a study in politics that will be best appreciated by those who best know politics. The pathos of it is very appealing. Mr. White blends in the picture sympathy and contempt for the man who never had any principles or ideals, who rendered his soul up to the service of those exploiting the public. There are many such stranded wrecks of the old caucus system of choosing officials—but not many who did not know how they were sinning against the light.

In reading Mr. White's fiction I am chiefly struck with the fact that, notwithstanding Prohibition, there is a plenty of sin and meanness in Kansas. There does not seem to be much of what might be called generous sin. The badness of Kansas folk is rather cold and clammy, as well as sordid. It is as if so many people think they can sneak by with anything else if only they set hard faces against the Demon Rum. But how could we have fiction worth while if there were not contrasts between good folk and bad. We must even allow for "teaser" women, even in Kansas, though one prefer a real trace-jumper like *Manon Lescaut* or *Madame Bovary*. I can't get over the impression that a little liquor would mollify and plasticize Kansas carnality and greed. Therefore, I have great hopes of the beneficent effects of "Bevo," the new beerless beer that Kansas cannot keep out of its borders.

♦

Most pungent and pugnacious of personalities is Ezra Pound, head of the vorticist movement in England, poet, critic and polemical pest to the unregenerate followers of convention. He was born in Utah, I believe, but that is immaterial. He writes poetry of a skeletal sort. He was the first of the imagists. He brought to the consideration of poetry the Chinese concept, as Whistler brought to painting the Japanese. He rendered into English some thirteenth century Italian poets, with a singular absence of that *morbidessa* which is generally associated with Italian expression. I don't "get" Ezra Pound's poetry, but I do "get" a strong impression of his value in a good fight he is making for stark seeing and saying of things. He is the foe of literary language, of *clichés*, of saying things in the phrases

of poets gone before. He did a brave thing when he championed "Spoon River Anthology" in England, for its innocence of the sin of adhering to what we may call "poetical diction." Altogether, Mr. Pound is a true radical in his devotion to veritism, in his regard for the anatomy of poetry and his contempt for mere verbal upholstery. Now he's gone beyond imagism and has become a vorticist. I'm not sure I know what vorticism is—even after Mr. Pound has explained it. I have read the organ of vorticism—*Blast*, and emerged from it with a vertigo as a result of the whirl of the vortex. So, when I read his "Gaudier-Brzeska" (pronounced Jaerschke) published by the John Lane Company, New York, it was with a strong sense of the loyal enthusiasm of Pound and the fine ecstasy of Gaudier-Brzeska for an art principle or concept exasperatingly obnubilated. Gaudier Brzeska was a sculptor, killed at 24 in the French trenches. His picture shows him frail, somewhat deficient as to chin, romantic, a sensitive, with a suggestion of spiritual esurience. He was descended from a line of French marble cutters, had traveled considerably in Europe and read much. His sculptures shown in photographs in this book are of the kind we call, off-hand, Futurist. Mr. Pound says they are Vorticist. To me they are powerfully crude suggestions of the beginning of sculpture, confused adumbrations of the statue within the stone. One of these is an "Hieratic Bust of Ezra Pound." It suggests to me an arrangement in soapstone of a nutmeg-grater with a cigarette imposed thereon lengthwise. I've seen in tobacconists' the beginnings of pipe-carvings in meerschaum that look like this "hieratic bust." It is too "hieratic" for me, but Mr. Pound likes it. He says it was not intended to look like him. Before it was finished, Mr. Pound tells us, it was a *kinesis*; it was filled with a great energy, but now it is a *stasis* on which a great calm has descended. I presume the bust represents the emotions excited in the breast of Gaudier-Brzeska by the personality of Mr. Pound. To me it looks like a fantastic burlesque of a death-mask. I look at the other photographs of the sculptures in this book and their titles, and I find the titles as meaningless as the titles of so many pieces of music. Here are obtundities of stone, bluntnesses, that don't mean anything to the first glance. When you read their names you imagine you can see what is said to be there, but it's all like *Hamlet's* visions in the 'clouds—"very like a camel." Here's a cat or a stag—well, they are such animals as are found sculpted in the earliest of primitive pottery, rough-draft sculpturings of the total first impressions of such creatures—such things as children might make playing with soft clay or in the course of a candy-pulling. Now this archaism is not due to the fact that Gaudier-Brzeska didn't know better, for some of his rough sketches for sculpture are splendid in their freedom and vigor and beauty of line. One male nude sketch suggests an anatomy from Vesalius translated through da Vinci. The sketches of "progressive studies in the relations of masses," on the other hand, are a chaos.

The more Mr. Pound or Gaudier-Brzeska himself explains, the more the art becomes unintelligible. In a way, I seem to see that Gaudier went farther back for the impression of emergence than does Rodin, as Rodin went farther back than the Della Robbias. This new art is one of "masses defined by planes," but it seems to me that this is talking to us in a new language known only to the sculptor. It's like the speech of one with "the gift of tongues" I heard recently at a "Holiness meeting." The vorticist in sculpture tries probably to put over to us in planes his emotions, as a musician conveys us his emotions in tones. The idea is to get everything over as directly as possible, without interposition of symbol, without ornament, without proportion or form. This is the equivalent of imagism, but it is to me meaningless—what is a formless form, and how can there be expression without some mutually agreed upon symbols for thoughts or feelings? Those who care for art should read this



book for it will put every one of their accepted theories to the test implied in a sweeping repudiation. Vorticism throws all the old art concepts into a hopper and crushes them and runs them out into something like what comes out of a cement mixer. . . . But the man, Gaudier-Brzeska, is worth while. His letters to friends, descriptive of life in the trenches, with flashes of art criticism, are most attractive. And besides, it's stimulating—almost affrighting—to read Ezra Pound's tremendous pontifications.

From the land of the fourth dimension we may turn to a very modern Arabian Nights, H. G. Dwight's "Stamboul Nights" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York). Here is one of the best nautical stories I ever read—"The Leopard of the Sea." It tells of a voyage on a Turkish cruiser—it was before the Germans took charge of the Sultan's navy. The ship was a leaky coffin, unequipped, inefficiently manned. The story is a grotesque of Turkish corruption and fatalism. The ship set out for Yemen without water or food or coal, and—but you must read it up to the very minute of the vessel's sinking. The other stories fall not far behind the first in their Turkishness—a peculiar quality of ironic realism that is barely distinguishable from humorous exaggeration. "For the Faith" tells how a convert missionary fostered revolutions and worked as a spy under cover of distributing Bibles to the unregenerate Saharans and tried to win himself a throne. "The House of the Giraffe" is an intense tale of the character and the fate of *Nousret Pasha*. "Under the Arch," "Mehmish," "The River of the Moon," "The Glass House"—these are stories that come up to Poe's standards of that form of art. Exotic they are, but they carry the sense in them of realism: they have the quality of oriental tales by orientals. Moreover, they are more than mere stories—they are literature; the human beings in them are not smeared into nothingness by excess of local color; and the author has not resorted to imitations of the "machinery" of the oriental story-tellers. The man who can't get a good laugh out of "The Regicide" is beyond human power, for it is an excruciatingly funny exposition of Yankee inability to see anything but sin in the customs and standards of folk who have not been raised upon a dilution of Jonathan Edwards and Cotton Mather. Mr. Dwight has spent much time in Constantinople, and the East has soaked into him much of its romance and reality, its life high and low, its landscape and seascape, its "atmosphere." Reading him "you hear the East a-calling" and "you can't hear nothing else."

There's one bit of drama in Theodore Dreiser's "Plays of the Natural and Supernatural" (the John Lane Company) that has not yet been surpassed in one-act plays by any American writer. It is "The Girl in the Coffin." I shall not tell its theme, its very tragic theme of a "sinful" love that was yet a happy, noble one. The action moves in speech about the girl in the coffin whose love yet lives. There's a stern, almost Roman duty-theme involved in the love-affair; an exaltation of a cause above personal grief or revenge or regret, and there's a faith and trust that make conventional moralities meretricious. Mr. Dreiser's play is terribly condensed and intensified. He is as sparing of words in his little plays as he is lavish of them in his novels. His motive simply burns through his rather spare method. In the realm of the supernatural, "The Blue Sphere" in this volume is a high achievement. Here is mysticism brought into a highly plausible relationship with our modern, materialistic world. It is, if not superbly imaginative, at the very least the highest reach of the finer fancy. "The Ragpicker" is another bit of fanciful reality that in a remote and not imitational fashion, suggests the attitude, as distinct from the method, of Maeterlinck. In these plays Mr. Dreiser is more the artist and less the reporter than in his fiction.

He is more concerned with spiritual substances than with material superficialities. One rejoices over Dreiser's emancipation from the catalogic.

Among recent published plays I would place none higher than "John Ferguson," by St. John Ervine (the Macmillan Co., New York). This is a North of Ireland play, grim, gloomy, bitter. It has a strong Biblical tinge—predestinarian as befits the Orange realm of Sir Edward Carson. It contains a piercing study of the meanest of vices—cowardice. As a presentation of a hard social condition it grinds in upon one's sympathies. There is a well-veiled murder with the victim undeserving of sympathy and yet coming in for some, and with the suspect, innocent of act but guilty of intent, almost winning, through his plight, a love that was spurned before his supposed rising to the deed he is thought to have done. There is an old man holding to the Mosaic law, even when it would take from him his own. There is a splendid girl beset with terrible conflicts of opposing loyalties; she has been attacked by the *gombcen* man whom she would not love, and her assailant has been assassinated by, as she supposes, another and a pusillanimous aspirant to her hand. The act necessarily tends to glorify the suspect in the girl's eyes but her soul revolts. Then the murder is explained with fine dramatic effect. And to cap it all the murder would not have occurred if a letter from America had come in time. A most compact, ungarrulous play is "John Ferguson," with every person in it a true character, with something of classic fatality permeating it. St. John Ervine seems in this and other works of his to be the best writing man Ireland has produced since John M. Synge. He is not so much the poet, mostly golden air and fire; he is not so exuberant of spirit and not at all so sympathetic to the Irish dream quality of temperament; but he is all Irish none the less. He has Synge's grasp on fact, if none of his mastery of fantasy. There's a deep stain of Scot's dour in him, but he is a creator of character and an interpreter of the heart and soul of common people who, moved by their passions, are not at all commonplace.

I don't suppose people will ever tire of reading about Oscar Wilde. The tragedy of the man and the artist who drifted with every passion is of an unfailing fascination. The contrast in him of intellectual and aesthetic power and morbid self-indulgent weakness is a kind of horror. Mr. Robert Harborough Sherard has written a second book upon this forbidding and yet intriguing personality. His first book was entitled, "Oscar Wilde, the Story of an Unhappy Friendship." It was almost a canonization of Wilde. Now he writes "The Real Oscar Wilde" (David McKay, Philadelphia). The best thing about the book is its illustrations, portraits, reproduction of letters and documents. It looks like a volume "extended" by some assiduous and infatuated collector of Wildeana. There is too much in it about Sherard's and Wilde's quarrels with Lord Alfred Douglas. Sherard agrees with the aesthete's opinion towards the end of his days, that Lord Alfred was Wilde's evil genius. It does not so strike me. Oscar was the older man of the two; and Oscar is least the martyr when he is railing at his seducer. Mr. Sherard overdoes his exaltation of Oscar—even more than did Robert Ross. I'm no prude but it gags me a little to see Wilde presented in a suggested similitude to the Saviour on the cross. That the aesthete was mad I have no doubt—mad with vanity, intoxicated with praise and the contemplation of his own brilliance. Surely nothing but paresis can explain his benumbedness, his fatuity when exposure was imminent, when he refused to escape, as the authorities patently hoped he would. However, there's a nobility about Sherard's defense of his friend, that no one will deny, even though one may suspect that Sherard is capitalizing Wilde as his sole literary property. For critical value Sherard's

is not to be compared with Arthur Ransome's book, on which Lord Alfred Douglas sued for libel. The Wilde collector must have Sherard though, and as a piece of fine book-making it is altogether commendable. But there's another book on this subject—"Oscar Wilde, His Life and Confessions," by Frank Harris, published by the author, in two volumes, at No. 3 Washington Square, New York. Harris is the biggest man, thus far, who has undertaken to write of Wilde. Harris is a personality as hypnotic as Oscar's. He was editor of the *Saturday Review*; he has written powerful novels and wonderful short stories; told Shakespeare's life as imbedded in the plays, interpreted Shakespeare's women; taken Germany's side as against England on the issues of the present great conflict. Harris has been of the inner circle of London's high life and high politics and high finance. He has been with the London proletarians and served time in a British prison. A fiery fellow he is, consuming himself and igniting others. His portraits of great writers and artists have illuminated them and him. The culture of four languages is his and his experience ranges from cow-punching in Kansas to idlings in Belgravia and Mayfair. Harris knew Wilde: the play, "An Ideal Husband," is dedicated to Harris. Harris as an editor accepted some of Wilde's best work, and, towards the end of Oscar's career, collaborated with and financially sustained him in circumstances indicating the intensification of those weaknesses which were concealed in the days when he was the most brilliant talker and the most sinister figure in London. It is a full length portrait Harris paints for us. There is a vast deal in it that is to be found nowhere else than in the record of the proceedings that disgraced Wilde immortally. Particularly he brings home to us the existence of a congenital taint in Wilde. The most startling thing I find in the book is the direct attribution of responsibility for Wilde's downfall to a friendship with Walter Pater. This will shock Paterians, though not particularly if they happen to have studied abnormal psychology. There's a lot of Wilde in Pater, and not alone in that temporarily suppressed "Conclusion" in which art for art's sake, the moment for the moment's sake are given their expression as the gospel of hedonism. But there are other shocking things in these volumes, for Harris is terribly frank. The story moves at time-devouring speed. The documentation offers only such delays as heighten the speed effect. We are introduced intimately to the original of *Bunthorne*, at college, on the grand tour, editor of a woman's magazine, successful playwright, lion of society, in the early clouding of ugly rumor, in the dock, in Reading Gaol, later in Paris, then lured to the Riviera by Lord Alfred Douglas, on his death bed. Incident crowds upon incident, anecdote upon anecdote. Celebrities in politics, society, art, letters come on the scene and depart. The whole world seems to revolve around Wilde. After reading awhile, however, it is Harris who interests you even more than Wilde. Harris eats up everything. He is the champion in the lists for his hero. And what a champion he is! Does he say Wilde was innocent? No. Wilde was guilty. The worse, therefore, society for crucifying him. Wilde is the world's victim. Why did the world hate him? Because he was greater than the world. The treatment of Wilde was the cap-sheaf expression of British hypocrisy. It seized on his sins as an excuse to destroy him for having genius. Harris says that genius in England is the supreme sin. In a rage almost sublime is Harris upon this point and again and again appears the thought that Wilde's was another Crucifixion. What right have "we" to crucify the guilty: what do "we" know of innocence? All this in incandescent prose, sometimes approximating the Carlylean, even the Miltonic. Almost I caught an echo of "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints!" Sometimes I thought Nietzsche and Tolstoy were talking a duet through Frank Harris—"The vices are but the shadows of the virtues," for example. Harris' defense of Wilde is that of a mother defending the memory of the



son hanged on the highest hill. It is positively savage, ferocious. Society is the object of Harris' hatred, and he carries you along resistlessly on the sweep of his flaming ferocity. It is a defense that admits everything and opposes in extenuation but one thing—genius. There is more than enough in these volumes to indicate what it was that brought Oscar low—a treat for the lovers of salacity *de luxe*: the suppressed parts of "De Profundis"—or some of them—are given in an appendix. But all that is negligible, in my opinion. I am not so much interested by Wilde as by the tremendous, the pathetic appeal of Frank Harris for himself as one of "the crucified."

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St. Louis possesses one philosopher all too little known. Mr. Denton J. Snider has been teaching here for more than fifty years. His published works number probably more than those years. They include philosophy, poetry, history, criticism, biography. He is an authority on Hellenics, upon Hegel, upon the psychology of the great dramatists. He conducts classes here in psychology and philosophy. He was one of the founders of Transcendentalism, with William T. Harris, Thomas Davidson, William James and others. He has written a history of the war of secession, an epic of Lincoln, a poem on Shakespeare called "The Shakespeariad," his own life as a writer of books. I have never been able to understand his philosophy but I read his autobiography with an acute sense of pity for its exposition of the man's tragic missing of greatness. Now comes from his pen "Castle Esperance," a novel (the Sigma Publishing Co., St. Louis) which no one can read without interest in the portraiture of its "hero," who can be no other than Mr. Snider himself. He sees himself rather clearly—an idealist somehow astray in an unideal world. The story he has to tell is one of a singularly jejune kind. It is almost childish—except where and when the philosophic obsession breaks in. It is the story of a willful, wicked kindergartner, *Eoline Doubleday*, and *Dr. Philo Newman*. *Eoline* is a flirt and a schemer. She plays with *Dr. Philo* most heartlessly and almost breaks up the Kindergarten Academy, when through her wiles she attains to authority therein. The *Dr.* makes love like a philosopher, talking much to *Eoline* about the necessity of being true to ideal ends. But *Eoline* spreads her net for a *Mr. Anderson* who captivates her by his talk of his great wealth. The plot of the affair between *Eoline* and *Mr. Anderson* is worthy of a high school girl. *Dr. Philo's* experience with life in the lower quarters where he prefers to live is narrated in the style of the Sunday-school book of forty years ago. He says with much solemnity that he is familiar with the shame of the realm of "the perverted family." His narrow escape from seduction by a woman who wanted to be his "housekeeper" is a curious specimen of academic realism. Somehow, though, *Eoline Doubleday* takes on reality in spite of her creator. She is a very double person. She is not at all the sort of being to be wooed in the language of Froebel or of Hegel, though she grieves to be called a *Kundry* to the hero's *Parsifal*. She can't see how the deed reacts on the doer. She can't tell the truth when it's her interest to tell something else, and so she almost gets caught by the wily *Mr. Anderson*, who it turns out was the betrayer of the woman who wanted to be *Dr. Philo's* "housekeeper." Incidentally, *Eoline* brings *Miss Fidelia Hopewell* almost to the grave. This lady, an eminent kindergartner, is drawn with an affectionate pen. *Dr. Philo*, who would not be false to the love he bore *Eoline*, even though she treated him so badly, brings about her exposure and then leaves her dubiously repentant, and the Kindergarten Academy restored. "Castle Esperance" is as curious a mixture of puerility and wisdom, probably the puerility of wisdom, as I have ever known. It passes from the mental plane of the kindergartner pupil to high flights of philosophy and psychology without any intermediate stages at all. It is now

profound and again the very exquisitry of literary amateurishness. Ancient Greece is more real to the author than the life around him. When he writes about Froebel's great institution he casts light upon it, but when he gets back to his story he is at sea. In *Dr. Philo Newman* he describes himself down to infinitesimal details and in doing so the first effect he gets is a smile, but later the portraiture develops a pathetic power of truth—a man wise in book lore wandering about in worlds unrealized, lost in the consecration and the dream. "Castle Esperance" is in need of no key for the local followers of *Dr. Snider's* cult or for the workers in the local field of pedagogy. Literary people will find the book remarkable for its evident attempt in a field inappropriate to work out a theme like a play by Sophocles or Shakespeare or Goethe.

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That Swedish poetry is a little known subject to Americans, save perhaps in those States with a large Swedish element in the population, may be taken for granted. A people may be in no way better known than by their lyric poetry. Therefore, Mr. Charles Wharton Stork, of the University of Pennsylvania, deserves our gratitude for introducing us to songs of Gustaf Fröding, in a selection of them published by the Macmillan Company, New York. They are interesting examples of the lyric art, with all the marks of spontaneity. We learn about Fröding, born in 1860, dying in 1911, a graduate of Upsala, a journalist. In his life, as often in his songs, he paralleled Robert Burns, and like the ploughboy of Ayr, he found his people's heart: thirty thousand sets of his completed poems have been sold in a country of but five and one-half million people. For all his waywardness, maybe because of it, Fröding has a sympathy deep and true for the errant and unhappy. Dealing often with sordid things he gives them some touch of glamour. Not often is he literary, not much does he parade his learning. He has a gift of simple, direct utterance, with subtle distinction and emphasis, which makes men and women stand out, living, from his pages. For his most vital effects he resorts often to dialect, to folk-words that are pictures in themselves, words that carry intimate memories of youth. His verse has plastic variety, not seldom with the brilliant effect of onomatopoeia. In Mr. Stork's clear introduction the assertion is made that "it is doubtful whether any European lyricist since Goethe, Hugo excepted, has outrivalled Gustaf Fröding." Perhaps his limitation of range of subject is greater than his versatility in form, but in these selections he seldom gets far away from the people who are close to the earth, but now and then he has an ethereal touch. "A Girl in the Eyes," "There Should Have Been Stars," "The Bell," are exquisite fancies deftly wrought. "Our Dean," "The Prayer Meeting," "Pious Ineptitude," recall Burns in the mood of "Holy Willie's Prayer," while "Little Joe Johnny" is an explosive outburst of *gaminerie*. "Man and Woman" is a poem of resignedness to the need of everlasting compromise in marriage, that goes deeper than cynical good humor. "Dreams in Hades" is expositional of invincible hope and pity and "A Poor Monk of Skara" is a song of forgiveness. A free rendering of some thoughts in "The Song of Songs" is a pleasing bit of East-by-North. "An Old Room" is a poetical "interior" by surely one of "the little masters." For kindly humor, "The City Lieutenant" is felicitous, and for comic self-satire, not without underlying wistfulness, "The Ball" is not easily to be surpassed. Fröding is not solely an objectivist in his verse. He, the singer, takes the role of the narrator and at times he uses speech that is very close to some facts of nature, of the body that mostly we ignore. Mr. Stork, a poet himself, has translated Fröding in spirit, holding by the letter, the rhythm, the rhyme where he can do so without obstructing the free flow of the English. The quality of Fröding, which Mr. Stork's translation most impresses upon me is a crystalline clarity and brightness of vision, the more wonderful for its blending

with a pronounced primitive earthiness. Mr. Stork says this is a peculiarly national characteristic of the Swedish lyric. It is good bright news, this of Fröding. His work is a relief from those other Scandinavians—Ibsen and Strindberg. Tegnér we know of remotely in his "Frithiof's Saga," but like most epics, it is more praised than read. Fröding is not oppressive in his greatness. With happy frequency he recalls Longfellow—as in "The Marauders"—and Longfellow is no mean poet. I recommend Mr. Stork's book to those people who know nothing about the Swedish people other than their literalness of view, their apparent unimaginativeness, as exemplified in the funny anecdotes of "Ole Oleson" and "Yon Yonson" that are so prevalent in our Northwest.

(To be continued next week.)

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## Probing the Subconscious

By Alpheus Stewart

THAT there are mysterious powers in man's nature is a fact with which the scientists have wrestled since science began to "know." Now and again some human being manifests gifts that transcend the natural or known powers of humanity. They excite the curious and puzzle the profound. Men of high scientific attainment investigate these phenomena and cannot discover the causes. Other men of science reject the whole body of such phenomena, attributing all to trickery or delusion, and maintaining that the universe and all which it inherit are material. Material though their universe may be, there are facts manifesting themselves in it which the material senses of no man have as yet grasped. What, for instance, is the explanation of "Patience Worth," an entirely new and original literary entity that is projected into our consciousness by a woman who is known to possess no literary power?

Dr. John D. Quackenbos, in his book, "Body and Spirit—An Inquiry into the Subconscious" (Harper & Brothers, New York) projects a theory that may measurably answer some of these questions—or, at any rate, suggest an answer. To Dr. Quackenbos, however, there is small element of doubt, as he says:—The book "embodies the conclusions reached by the author after a quarter of a century of thought and a strenuous, yet grateful apprenticeship of fifteen years in the work of relieving the sick, regenerating the wayward, and uplifting the desolate and stricken, by psychic measures. During this period he has been in almost daily association with this higher human self, and so has practically lived in an atmosphere of subjective conviction that many thousand experiences have rendered incontrovertible."

His theory is that when God made man "in his own image," it was a spiritual image, for we cannot conceive of God as having visible shape—which is about the only point at which the writer does not accept the dictum of orthodoxy as to the Scriptures. This God "image" is "without visible parts, formless, impalpable, omnipresent, uncircumscribed." Man in his nature is triune, consisting of the body, the soul (*psyche*) and the spirit (*pneuma*). The spirit is the master of all three. It is the motive or energizing power of the soul. These three—the body, the spirit, and the soul—constitute the subliminal self in man, or the subconscious element, as it is sometimes called. This subliminal self is transcendent, absolute, immortal. It is the divine principle in man. Its powers are boundless and its flight is limited only by infinity. But it is a latent or subconscious principle. It must be evoked, either by an objective suggestion or by auto-suggestion. In this last instance, the summoning of the subliminal self is almost always unconsciously effected, which theory, if accepted, may serve to solve such mysteries as that of "Patience Worth." It is possible, in the



light of such reasoning, that "Patience" and her writing are merely the manifestations of Mrs. Curran's sub-conscious mind, which, for whimsical reasons, takes the role of an archaic personality, the conscious mind of Mrs. Curran being wholly unaware of the action, through her physical entity, of her spiritual self. As to the objective appeal to the subconscious, the author is convinced that this can be most effectively made during sleep—either the natural sleep, or that induced by what is called hypnosis. In this state, the subliminal or subconscious self may be aroused to assert itself, to assume control of the body, to cure many delusions and moral obliquities, to heal many functional diseases and to alleviate the pain of those that are organic.

This spiritual self is a good *daemon* that resides within every man. Socrates glimpsed the truth of it when he asserted his belief that a good *daemon* attended him. During a hypnotic trance, it is impossible for the suggestor to plant the inspiration of a crime to be committed later during consciousness, for the subliminal self, being divine, is always good. "The subliminal personality is never deceived, constrained or cajoled into objective expression at variance with what is wise, moral, wholesome and true. There is no such thing as a sub-conscious criminal."

Genius is only inspiration and inspiration is the action of the subliminal personality. The spirit has access to all the knowledge of the universe, and he who can arouse and invoke his subconscious self may become, in that degree, the master of his fate.

One of the convincing facts of the thesis is that it does not attempt to believe too much. The doctor is not a spiritualist, as he insists that there is no need of an objective medium as a means of spiritual expression. He deplores the fact that the field of psychic phenomena has been so confused and muddled by tricksters and charlatans, by fakirs and mesmerists. There is nothing supernatural about this exercise of supernormal powers. There is no thaumaturgy about suggestive therapeutics, as honestly practiced. It is all nothing more than the awakening and putting into action of the divine power that resides in every human being. The object of such a practitioner is to "establish self-control in physical, mental and moral relaxation; to impart pluck, nerve, push, self-reliance to the mortal mind; to strengthen the will; to bring the personality in touch with the truth, which always emancipates. There is no subjection to the will of another in psychotherapy." Dr. Quackenbos thinks the idea of communication with the dead through the machinery of the seance is repugnant to human reason.

There is no miracle in faith-healing. Men suffer from many delusions. Many of them are fancy-sick. "Youth is a state of the soul." One of the delusions of the race is that men must decay and die at seventy, because the Psalmist has fixed that as the span of life, when in fact they should live to be a hundred and preserve their youth to the end. They do not invoke the subconscious mind to resist the decay of the body, to fight the micro-organisms that mean disease. In his practice, the doctor has not abandoned *materia medica*, but uses it to supplement psychotherapy, for it may be that only the mind is sick, or only the body, but, nearly always, both the mind and the body. There is space here to say only of this interesting book that chapters are devoted to such subjects as psychic suffering, treatment of unbalance, habit-breaking, nature and character forming, metaphysics of the future, telepathy, X-ray vision, and prescience.

The last chapter is devoted to the immortality of the soul. Dr. Quackenbos disagrees with Emerson's theory that this question of the soul's immortality has been answered to the satisfaction of no man, and he agrees with Henry Holt that a world would be futile in which myriads of men are always dying merely to give place to other men. He finds in the existence of this divine principle, this subliminal self, "incontrovertible proof that the soul is immortal." The apprehension of this great truth by

men in all ages and of every race, is, in itself, to the doctor, strong proof of the immortality of the soul.

The book is one calculated to stimulate the minds of the thoughtful. Clairvoyance, clairaudience, prescience, X-ray vision, telepathy, hypnosis and so-called faith-healing have long puzzled the doctors, save only those materialistic scientists who refuse to accept any of these phenomena as true. Professor William James investigated such questions for twenty years and then said that he was just where he started, although he admitted the fact that there are mysteries of personality which he could not solve. It is incredible that all these manifestation of a power beyond our conscious ken come of trickery, although many of them may be explained on that hypothesis. The sincerity, founded on the widest experience, of such a man as Dr. Quackenbos, cannot be doubted. After all, may it not be possible that he is partly right? May it not be that the nature of man is dual or, as he says, triune, and that his higher self is merely in process of incubation? Be it remembered that his conscious faculties were not all given him at once, but came as he could use them. The eye with which you read this was not an organ suddenly conferred. It is the accomplishment of ages of effort, and in the beginning was only an extended nerve, which could "see" only in or by contact, the evolutionists tell us. May it not be that man's psychic powers are only in process of becoming and can express themselves to his conscious self but imperfectly? May not this fringe of phenomena, which now so puzzles us, suggest that there is innate in man a principle, now latent, but which, when it develops into activity in the days to come,—when it once is fully born—shall enable him to visit the stars and know all the secrets of the universe? Indeed, may it not be the means through which he will come to know God?

♦♦♦♦

## Elysium

By R. B. Cunningham Graham

THE Triad came into my life as I walked underneath the arch by which the sentinels sit in Olympian state upon their rather long-legged chargers, receiving, as is their due, the silent homage of the passing nurserymaids. The soldier in the middle was straight back from the front. The mud of Flanders clung to his boots and clothes. It was "deeched" into his skin, and round his eyes had left a stain so dark, it looked as if he had been painted for a theatrical make-up. Upon his puttees it had dried so thickly that you could scarcely see the folds. He bore upon his back his knapsack, carried his rifle in his hand, all done up in a case, which gave it, as it seemed to me, a look of hidden power, making it more terrible to think of than if it had shone brightly in the sun. His water bottle and a pack of some kind hung at his sides, and as he walked kept time to every step. Under his elbow protruded the shaft of something, perhaps an entrenching tool of some sort, or perhaps some weapon, strange to civilians, accustomed to the use of stick or umbrella as their only arm. In himself he seemed a walking arsenal, carrying his weapons and his baggage on his back, after the fashion of a Roman legionary. The man himself, before the hand of discipline had fashioned him to number something-or-another, looked fresh and youthful, and not very different from a thousand others that in time of peace one sees in early morning going to fulfill one of those avocations, without which no State can possibly endure, and yet are practically unknown to those who live in the vast, stucco hives either of Belgravia or Mayfair.

He may have been some five-and-twenty, and was a Londoner or a man from the home counties lying round about. His sunburnt face was yet not sunburnt as is the face of one accustomed to the weather all his life but, as it were, exposure had made his

skin feverish, and his blue eyes were fixed, as often are the eyes of sailors or frontiersmen after a long watch.

The girls on either side of him clung to his arm with pride, and with an air of evident affection, quite unconscious of everything but having got the beloved object of their care safe home again. Upon the right side, holding fast to the warrior's arm, and now and then nestling close to his side, walked his sweetheart, a dark-haired girl, dressed in the miserable cheap finery our poorer countrywomen wear, instead of well-made plainer clothes, that certainly would cost them less and set them off a hundred fold. Now and again she pointed out some feature of the town with pride, as when they climbed the steps under the column on which stands the statue of the Duke of York. The soldier, without looking, answered: "I know, Ethel, Dook of York," and hitched his pack a little higher on his back.

His sister, hanging on his left arm, never said anything, but walked along as in a dream; and he, knowing that she was there and understood, spoke little to her, except to murmur "Good old Gladys," now and then and press her to his side.

As they passed by the stunted monument, on which the crowd of little figures standing round a sledge commemorate the Franklin Expedition, in a chill Arctic way, the girl upon the right jerked her head towards it, and said, "That's Sir John Franklin, George, he as laid down his life to find the Northwest Passage, one of our 'eroes, you remember 'im." To which he answered, "Oh, yes, Frenklin;" then looking over at the statue of Commander Scott, added, "'e done his bit, too," with an appreciative air.

They gazed upon the Athenaeum and the other clubs, with that air of detachment that all Englishmen affect when they behold a building or a monument—taking it, as it seems to me, as something they have no concern with, just as if it stood in Petrograd or in Johannesburg.

The hovering Triad passed into Pall Mall oblivious of the world, so lost in happiness that they appeared the only living people in the street. The sister, who had said so little, when she saw her brother shift his knapsack, asked him to let her carry it. He smiled, and knowing what she felt, handed his rifle to her, remarking, "'old it the right side up, old girl, or else it will go off."

And so they took their way through the enchanted streets, not feeling either the penetrating wind or the fine rain, for these are but material things, and they were wrapped apart from the whole world. Officers of all ranks passed them, some young and smart, and others paunchy and middle-aged; but they were non-existent to the soldier, who saw nothing but the girls. Most of the officers looked straight before them, with an indulgent air; but two young men with red bands round their caps, were scandalized, and muttering something as to the discipline of the New Army, drew themselves up stiffly and strutted off, like angry game-cocks when they eye each other in the ring.

The Triad passed the Rag, and on the steps stood two old colonels, their faces burnt the color of a brick, and their mustaches stiff as the bristles of a brush. They eyed the passing show, and looking at each other, broke into a smile. They knew that they would never walk oblivious of mankind, linked to a woman's arm; but perhaps memories of what they had done stirred in their hearts, for both of them at the same moment ejaculated a modulated "Ha!" of sympathy.

All this time I had walked behind the three young people, half unconsciously, as I was going the same road, hearing half phrases now and then, which I was half ashamed to hear.

They reached the corner of St. James' Square, and our paths separated. Mine took me to the London Library to change a book, and theirs led straight to Elysium, for five long days.

From the London Nation.

## Letters From the People

Heredia and Amy Lowell

St. Louis, July 7, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

After reading the poem, in to-day's MIRROR, entitled "The Aquarium," I was impelled to forward you the vivid sonnet from Heredia's "Les Trophées."

### LE RECIF DE CORAIL.

*Le soleil sous la mer, mystérieuse aurore,  
Eclaire la forêt des coraux abyssins  
Qui mêle, aux profondeurs de ses tièdes  
bassins,  
La bête épanouie et la vivante flore.*

*Et tout ce que le sel ou l'iode colore,  
Mousse, algue chevelue, anémones, our-  
sins,*

*Couvre de pourpre sombre, en somp-  
tueux dessins,  
Le fond vermiculé du pâle madrépore.*

*De sa splendide écaille éteignant les  
émaux,  
Un grand poisson navigue à travers les  
rameaux*

*Dans l'ombre transparent indolemment il  
rôle;*

*Et, brusquement, d'un coup de sa  
nageoire en feu*

*Il fait, par le cristal morne, immobile et  
bleu,*

*Courir un frisson d'or, de nacre et  
d'émeraude.*

My conservative preference feels that the net restrictions of Heredia's consummate workmanship are a lively challenge to the extended staccatos of the poem in to-day's paper. Cannot some learned member of your poetry staff give us an English version of "The Coral Reef" for the next MIRROR?

Yours very truly,

WM. BOOTH PAPIN.

❖

### One Per Cent for Peace

841 Cretona Park North.  
Bronx, New York.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Though war may not be the worst of evils from which a nation can suffer, it is a calamity so great as to justify all ordinary or extraordinary measures which would tend to prevent it. Some wise and some wealthy men have entertained this belief and have devoted a share of their thought and their wealth to the promotion of peace. Just before the outbreak of the European war many enthusiasts were sanguine enough to believe that success in that direction was on the point of achievement. The war and its consequence will inflict a serious setback on their hopes.

It is the duty of the United States Government, which spends so much of the people's money every year in the maintenance of military machinery, to undertake continuous work for the elimination of the causes which lead up to war. Life insurance companies think it a proper development of their primary function to study the health conditions of the insured, for the purpose of prolonging life and hence reducing expenses. Fire insurance companies do not content themselves with paying losses incurred by fire; they inspect the

property of their clients and impose severe restrictions to prevent the outbreak and spread of conflagration.

Should not the United States Government deduct one per cent of the amount annually devoted to military and naval up-keep, to be expended under the direction of a voluntary commission appointed by the President, to study the causes of war and how they may be eliminated, to promote among the various peoples of the world a better understanding of each other, to maintain a bureau to ascertain and advertise what interests are maintaining propaganda for fomenting dissensions among peoples, and in general to take such steps as may seem best to the commission to secure for the United States the lasting blessing of peace?

Although only one per cent of the amount annually expended for military purposes would be available for the use of this commission, that sum is large enough to maintain a laboratory to study conditions, to formulate remedies and

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to disseminate broadcast the recommendations of the commission. Truthful publicity is the best antidote of war. Is it too much to ask that if we devote ninety-nine per cent to war, that we should give one per cent for peace?

Persons interested are invited to address the writer, in care of City Club, New York.

JOHN J. MURPHY.

June 29th, 1916.

❖❖❖

"I dined at my fiancée's home to-day." "No doubt they regard you as one of the family by now, don't they?" "Not yet. They haven't reached the point where they bawl me out if I make a spot on the tablecloth."—Puck.

## Four Books

By Montefiore Bienenstok

A friend of mine who saw me reading "Mind Cures," by Geoffrey Rhodes, a book just published by John W. Luce and Company of Boston, said: "I didn't know you were interested in Christian Science."

Christian Science is, however, one of the things "Mind Cures" is most decidedly not. In the chapter captioned "Heresies and Fallacies," Mr. Rhodes takes a number of slaps at this doctrine, and says: "The gross absurdities of Christian Science and New Thought are mainly due to their slavish acceptance of the absolute value of words." But to boil down as nearly as possible



the meaning of his subject, the author puts it that "mind-cure stands above all things for the immaterial view of life—the importance and satisfaction of looking at everything from the intellectual and emotional standpoint rather than the purely physical and material one."

Mind cures play an important part in medical treatment, and Mr. Rhodes views his subject from this as well as various other angles. The book is vital and stimulating without attempt at didacticism or epigrammatic brilliance. Of course, there cannot be much new on the subject of mental healing, but the writer shows poise, wide range and digested thought. It is a big effort carefully done toward the interesting and popular exposition of this universally engrossing theme.

✱  
"The danger of some sensitive popular explosion is the only menace to our peace with Japan," says Prof. James A. B. Scherer, president of Throop College of Technology, in "The Japanese Crisis" (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York). First comes a scholarly review of the recent California troubles with the Japanese, with side-lights on the character and attitude of the Japanese toward the United States. The author contends the great trouble in handling the crisis was the differences between the government at Washington and the legislators at Sacramento. "The most important piece of legislation still waiting to be done in this country is the enactment of a law or laws, by constitutional amendment if necessary, that will put international affairs in the hands of the nation." The differences of opinion between national and state governments and questions of state sovereignty aggravated the attitude of all parties to the Japanese crisis. Those who believe that Japan is ripe for a war with the United States should take Prof. Scherer's word—and he lived in Japan and studied conditions there for some time—that the results of the Chinese and Russian wars are still felt very severely by the Japanese, and that another war is far from a general desire. A yellow press in both countries, however, can bring about a conflagration at any moment so, as Prof. Scherer wisely says: "In dealing with the Japanese we must substitute the spirit of the gentleman and statesman," for any other that may be held. By doing this, "the Japanese problem will vanish in thin smoke."

"Is Japan militant?" "Are the Japanese assimilable?" "Is agricultural competition safe?" are some of the questions discussed. While not believing that we may not have a conflict with Japan, Prof. Scherer argues that it can be averted by giving sympathy and not suspicion, leading Japanese thought "from the altar of militarism toward the shrine of a friendly peace." As to the assimilability of the Japanese—a very much discussed and vexing problem—Prof. Scherer says: "On the basis of his personal knowledge of the Japanese at home, his experience of their behavior under proper conditions in California, and his observation of the transforming influences of American environment on immigrants and the children of immigrants, the present writer cannot doubt the capacity of the Japanese to become good citizens." In other

words, he believes in their psychic assimilability but this is a very different matter from amalgamation. Prof. Scherer takes the generally accepted American view in saying: "However we may debate other questions, a unanimous negative answer must be returned to the query: Is unrestricted agricultural competition between these two races safe?"

✱  
The political development of China within the past decade is of universal interest as showing the sloughing off of ancient ideas and the acceptance of modern institutions and forms of government. Nothing known to me better traces and comments on these changes than "Present Day China," by Gardner L. Harding, published by The Century Company. It is a true "narrative of a nation's advance" as the author calls it. It is a picturesque account of a picturesque people, written in love of the subject.

In America there is a prevailing idea that China's future is more a Japanese question than anything else. This theory the author combats. He says that we should make China a world question by

jealously guarding "whatever opportunities we have of aiding in the consolidation of China." This, according to Mr. Harding, "is our only way of minimizing the danger of a world war with this nation's economic power as its stake." The author's extensive travels and wide acquaintance in many countries give him power and sureness in the discussion of various phases of his subject. He shows the effects of foreign statesmanship on China's affairs and gives vivid pictures of men and matters in China that have tended to the changes brought about. The descriptions of various Chinese philanthropic and penal institutions abound in color and sprightliness. The pen pictures of Yuan Shih-Kai and others are highly illuminative of Chinese character. The plots and turmoil of the governmental changes are set forth with novelistic skill and historical perspective. To the general reader and the deeper student of history Mr. Harding's book will bring a much clearer understanding of how such a backward nation, generally speaking, could have made such a successful crusade against opium, have a number of model institutions, have advanced so far in education, and by a wonderful

moral regeneration brought about the emergence of her women into modern life.

✱  
For some time New Zealand has been looked upon throughout the world as the ideal country for the propagation and practical testing of socialistic theories, and Americans generally hold that in the working out of these theories the New Zealanders have gone as near to the bottom of the subject in actual every-day demonstration as possible. Robert H. Hutchinson, in a book entitled, "The Socialism of New Zealand," published by New Review Association, of New York, says, "The very fundamental elements of Socialism are not to be found in New Zealand, and the warning I would give is that, however progressive governments similarly constructed may be, and however 'socialistic' they may appear, the Socialist must not be deluded by their outer structure or conciliated by measures which lead merely to State Capitalism." In fact, he regards the "Socialism" of New Zealand as in reality State Capitalism. "The capitalists of the last few years have taken the wind out of the socialists' sails by labeling reforms with socialist titles,"

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he says, adding that a number of people call themselves Socialists when they only approve of the policy of State ownership and of humanitarian legislation.

The book is a result of an eight months' visit to New Zealand and the writer made a careful investigation of the country's institutions. He discusses the railways, post and telegraph and other state business, public debt and land administration, industrial conciliation and arbitration, social legislation, the recent strike and present situation, and woman suffrage and the position of women.

This is a big little book. It points out vividly the attempts of New Zealanders toward the adoption of new and untried governmental ideas and the measure of success and failure of the various plans. In speaking of the land administration the author says: "The land administration of New Zealand has been a potent factor in the development of that country and has been a model which other countries have imitated. Yet there have been false steps and are now serious evils in the system."

In summing up, Mr. Hutchinson says that the New Zealanders are conscious of their leadership in many directions but fail to note that they have not advanced but have retrograded in the past decade. The author believes that the intelligence of the people is high, but that they lack fertility in new ideas and only arrived at their present position through necessity and not because they believe in the principle of the thing.

But absence of graft, and the lack of evils said to be attendant upon a large number of government employees are some of the good results—and there are numbers of others—of socialistic conditions in New Zealand. It speaks best of all for that country's management, which in itself should be taken as the chief success of the system, that, as the author says, "A weaker person, one who in greater countries would lack opportunity for wholesome development through unemployment and miserable conditions, would in New Zealand have a better opportunity to thrive. He would be less likely to be ruthlessly used up and cast aside."

♦♦♦

## The Syndicalist

(From the Atlantic Monthly for July)

"Dear, can't you sleep?"

"O John, I woke you?"

"No."

"I think about the trenches, these cold nights.

Do you, John?"

"Sometimes."

"When I hear the trolley Whirr past the corner; when its stealthy light—

There! did you see it flit across the ceiling?

—I think of Zeppelins, and English wives

Trembling in English beds. I think of London

And Paris; all those women dressed in black.

I walk the wards of that grim hospital In England where those Belgian nuns are keeping

Their nine months' vigil. Do they ever sleep,

I wonder? Are they making baby clothes,

Like me? Like mine? Thornstitching little frocks?

Nuns sew so sweetly. No; I mustn't cry.

I mustn't let their faces follow me About the dark—their Belgian faces, coiffed

And wimpled. No; I mustn't count their faces."

"Count sheep, dear heart."

"But John, they don't stay sheep.

They turn Turk, and the British Tom-mies toss them

On bayonets, by twos by tens, by hundreds,

Into the Dardanelles. They bleed. They scream.

And I lose count."

"My little tender heart!

I know that horror; I had nights of it

After the massacre in Colorado."

"A massacre in—oh, you mean those miners.

I didn't know we used that word except—"

"Except for what?"

"Well, yes; perhaps it was."

"Perhaps?"

"But John, the war makes all that seem

So long ago and far away and almost Trivial."

"No, Dolly; find another word."

"You dear old darling dyed-in-the-wool fanatic,

Don't you be trivial. John, sometimes I think

You would grow narrow if it weren't for me.

I'd quite forgot there were such things as strikes."

"Well, England hasn't lost her memory yet."

"Welsh miners; and munitions? Oh, of course,

In an argument you'll have me, every time;

But I was thinking of America."

"And in America men still are striking, Though you've forgotten."

"Powder mills; yes, yes; And factories for shells, and chemicals

The hyphens meddle with. I'll eat my words

To make you happy."

"Just the one word, darling; Just trivial."

"John! why, John! I didn't mean—I've hurt his blessed feelings!"

"No, sweetheart; Not you. I'm only sore on the world in general.

And let's be fair: the hyphenated strikes Are not the only ones. The garment-workers

Are striking in Chicago. The police Are beating up the pickets, à la Boche.

It may be worse in Belgium; so our papers

Here in the East don't feature it. The war

And Wilson's programme for preparedness

Capture the headlines. Yesterday, I tried

To sneak a paragraph in under news Of the cotton trade, but the Old Man

cut it out. He's on to me."

"You won't be reckless, John?"

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You won't forget the doctor's bill that's due—  
Sometime?"

"A lot you trust me, don't you, Dolly?"

The Old Man's mighty patient nowadays With my vagaries. It's a darned sight simpler

To kill my syndicalist rot,—blue pencil; 'The rest is silence,'—than to find another

Linguistical, cosmopolite young fellow With all the belligerent languages under his hat.

I shan't be fired. We've no need to add

Real worry to our anxiety *de luxe* Over the Allies."

"Our anxiety *De luxe?* It isn't fair; it's cynical And cheap to say such things. Why will you, John?"

"The journalistic impulse, the temptation To turn a smart phrase, sting—no matter who."

"Even me?"

"Myself even. It's my blood that bleeds When you are wounded."

"Always you make peace Like a poet."

"And I'll eat my edgy French Like a sword-swallower. Forget it, sweet."

"You think I am a spiritual glutton, Savoring sorrow, piling pity up For thrills. You think I am an epicure, Preferring my emotions high, like game; Lying awake to indulge a haunted fancy

With morbid images that swell and breed

The black and bloody pageant of death. You think"—

"I think I'm a darned infernal ass, a brute,

To make you cry; an egotistical, Self-centred pig, a—"

"Now, you've made me laugh. You silly John, if only you were selfish Like other men, I might sleep quiet, nights.

It's not the big guns booming at Verdun That wake me, it's my coward conscience squealing.

It's thinking how you might be over yonder

In the thick of it, as special correspondent,

If you were free—of me—No, let me talk;

Don't stop me with your dear, transparent fibs.

If you were free, you might be cabling copy

From France to-night; you might have been in Serbia

With Lady Paget; or at Erzeroum

Writing the story of the siege; or London

With Zeppelins overhead. And I have spoilt

All that. No, listen, John; be still; I'm talking.

The thought of you at that dull office desk

Translating censored newspapers all day, Is on my nerves. And if I fall asleep



I dream the baby's come—with eyes like yours,  
And they reproach me. All the bestial horrors

In Belgium, all the cold brutality  
Of submarine disasters, all the pathos  
Of young heroic death—I heap them up;  
But always over the top the baby's eyes  
More unendurable than all the grief  
Of Europe. John, you'll go? My patient boy,  
Tell me you'll go!"

"My precious Dollykins,  
My little adorable goose, to think I'd pine  
And "let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on my damask cheek!"—No, I'll not laugh;  
No, no; it's too near heart-break. All her pangs,  
Her wakeful, tearful hours of anguish wasted  
On pain that never was."

"That never was?  
You mean you wouldn't go? I haven't kept you?

It doesn't call you? John, are you pretending?"

"Oh, silly hearts of ours that still must play

At hide and seek!—It never, never called me.

I do not want to go."

"Not want,—oh, John!  
It comforts me! It comforts me, no end!—

And yet—there's something—why are you awake?

And you're depressed, John."

"Am I?"

"So depressed,  
I'm lost and frightened in the cloud of you."

"Dearest, I'm sorry. It's a judgment on me.

I always did despise a moody cuss.  
But hark, the weather prophet: Fair to-morrow!  
Now sleep."

"You haven't told me."

"Listen here

Against my heart, dear other heart of mine;

Ears do not help; it's nothing words can tell,

If hearts have lost the pitch."

"I'm listening."

"There was a Belgian in our place, to-day;

One of those Lawrence strikers,—you remember?—

A weaver."

"Lawrence! We were just engaged,  
Do I remember! We were there one Sunday."

"And big Bill Faywood led the strikers' meeting"—

"And a baby waved the red flag"—

"And the paper

Cut my three-column write-up to a scant

Two inches. 'What's this philanthropic gush

About free lunches furnished by the strikers?

*Maison du peuple*, on the Belgian model,  
Run by the Franco-Belges—This your idea

Of covering a strike? the Old Man yelped.  
I said it was."

"How good their free lunch tasted!

And now we're feeding them."

"And they can have

The front page any day, and red headlines

Three inches high. The whole blamed office force

Stood on one leg and goggled when that weaver

Said he was Belgian. All the cubs came running

To shake his paw and languish in his eyes.

We print his brother's letter, double column,

With fancy type. And Russia's great campaign

In Asiatic Turkey has a map

And special photos, to instruct our readers.

But Russian Jews campaigning in Chicago

For living wage and economic freedom—

Oh, that's not news! And yet they shed their blood."

"But not so much."

"No; measured by the quart."

"Finish the story of the weaver, John."

"That's all. A fingerpost to my black mood."

"Always the workingman?"

"Poor Dolly! always.

And yet, I'm not unmitigated crank.  
I know the casualties aren't as great

In the steel mills, killed and wounded,  
burned and scalded,

These eighteen murderous months, as in the trenches.

I know the Belgians face an imminent,  
Abrupt starvation, more spectacular

Than all the long, slow, steady under-feeding

That saps the victims in the British slum,

And ours.—But we'll not let the Belgians starve.

God knows, I'd be the last one to be-little

This war; I'm only saying war's a symptom.

I'm groping for the cursed roots of death,

Not on the battlefield, the blossoming place,

But deeper. From the seed we reap the harvest;

And from our ancient, hardy, tough perennial,

Our national system, our competitive order,

How many crops of wars! I say this weed

Cumbers the ground, pollutes the innocent air.

It's these outlived ideals that do the mischief.

They're rank; they're only fit to be ploughed under

For fertilizer for the tree of life.  
Democracy's new goal! Oh, let me rant!

The economic dream of the working-man:

Labor's naive, fantastic fellowship  
Transmuting Adam's curse to linked love,—

A golden net of brotherhood to hold  
The wealth of the world.—And we've betrayed the dreamers,

Corrupted them with nationalist fears,  
Confused them with our patriotic glamour,

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Poisoned their loving-cup and let them drink

Distrust of one another to the dregs,  
The bitter, sleepy dregs, distrust of self.  
Here's where I touch the unforgivable.  
Here's where I touch despair.—This brutish war

Has more to answer for than bodies of men.

To think of all those simple-hearted boys

Helpless in that red slaughter is bad enough;

But when a young dream's caught in the strangle-hold

Of a dead ideal—that's desperate. That's death.

Unless—life can't be conquered. There are signs.

Jaurès is dead, but Germany still suffers  
Her Liebknecht's muted protest; still endures

The intermittent pianissimo  
Of *Vorwaerts* in the national symphony.

Signs! In the wailing of astonished voices

Uplifted in reproachful invocation  
To the proletarians and socialists

They'd laughed at and berated and despised:

"Save us!—In spite of ourselves!—You said you would!

Where is your general strike, you comrade cowards?"

Signs! An infinitude of quaint devices  
Sprung from the heads of pacifists and statesmen;

Subtle and simple, and the magic label  
On every one—the word we conjure with

To-day, the exalted, visionary word  
The workers chose to be their counter-

sign

For the Revolution: International!—  
Our armaments; our courts of arbitration;

Our parliaments; our straits and seven seas;

Our factories for munitions; our police.  
Finance?—It's hinted.—Commerce?—

Tentative

Suggestion of world-markets.—Industry?—

Ah, there you get below the slippery surface,

Behind the institution to the men.  
What will the workers answer when they hear

Their countersign? The resurrection trumpet

Sounds in that reconciling battle-cry:  
The International! Unite! Unite!—

Where is their general strike? Oh, trust their answer!

Venture our faith! They'll save us yet, beloved.

The golden net—Asleep?"

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Bring 'em on

"No matter what you may say," said the staff optimist firmly, "there are two compensations for all the drawbacks of life." "Yes?" asked the pessimist. "What are they?" "Blondes and brunettes."—*Chicago Herald.*

## Swope's July Clearing Sale

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OLIVE AT 10<sup>th</sup> ST.

## Park Review

For the week beginning next Monday, the Park Opera Company will present a big "Review." Roger Gray and Carl Haydn open their return engagement in this production. Miss Florence Mackey, who comes to St. Louis as the successor to Miss Bussert, will also appear in this performance.

A minstrel first part will open the show. Roger Gray, Billy Kent, Overton Moyle and Milton Dawson will act as end men, while Carl Gantvoort will serve in the capacity of interlocutor. Gray and Kent's blackface act will follow. Carl Haydn will then make his first appearance of the evening, and render a few tenor solos. Fourteen members of the company, playing eight pianos, will be the feature of the sketch, "Fun in a Music Store." Tony Bafunno, general musical director, will have a prominent part in this musical act. Sarah Edwards and Billy Kent are bound to win many laughs with their burlesque on "East Lynne." Dolly Castle has a "cute" little specialty of her own, which will be followed by a quintette of famous Italian street singers.

"The Big Circus" will close the performance. Carl Gantvoort will be ring-master and Roger Gray chief of the bare-back riders. Gray will also exhibit his troupe of trained animals, said to be the finest collection ever presented on the sawdust. "The Queen of Sheba" is the spectacular feature of the circus. Accompanied by a brass band, the entire company will offer "The March of the Nations" as the grand finale.

The picture programme for the remainder of this week at the Shenan-



doah includes some extraordinary features, which should bring back those patrons who on Wednesday afternoon and evening saw Lillian Walker in "The Man Behind the Curtain" and Charlie Chaplin in his latest release, "The Vagabond." For Friday, a world film entitled, "Sally in Our Alley," featuring Carlyle Blackwell and Muriel Ostriche, will be offered. On Saturday afternoon and evening, Theda Bara in "The Galley Slave," will present some thrilling and realistic bits of acting.

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## Marts and Money

A dull and doubtful state of affairs on the Stock Exchange in New York. The quotations for investment certificates move within narrow limits day after day. They are indicative of professional maneuvers, as also of stealthy and methodical liquidation. The recurrent rallies are feeble, because the result of covering operations. There are hints in letters and pamphlets at liberal investment buying for the account of odd-lot people, but they derive mostly from hearsay and auto-suggestion. The forthcoming fact is that the daily totals of transfers are small, perplexingly so, indeed, when one considers the reports and manifestations of country-wide prosperity, the multifarious fine statements of earnings, and the greatly enlarged payments to stockholders of numerous leading corporations in recent months.

There's obvious dislike in conservative quarters of the sinking tendencies in the prices of shares of various motor, munitions, oil, metal, and steel manufacturing companies. Relative to this feature of the situation, it properly may be said that the progressive rectification of values of inflated industrial stocks should in the end prove advantageous rather than hurtful. Quotations ridiculously in excess of inherent merits have never been regarded as strengthening factors. Unfavorable deductions are drawn, also, from the rise in the rate for call loans. At present, the Stock Exchange borrowers are charged 4 to 4½ per cent. Some months ago, they could get all the money they needed at less than 2 per cent. The advance is reflective, not only of foreign borrowing and increased domestic requirements, but of another acute contraction in the surplus reserves of the Clearing-House banks and trust companies. The excess now stands at only \$53,500,000, against \$163,000,000 a year ago. The maximum in 1915 was above \$225,000,000. It may be surmised that the latest severe fall in the reserve item was the consequence, in part, of July dividend and interest disbursements, and that this week's exhibit should disclose a considerable change for the better. Time loans are quoted at 3½ to 4¼ per cent; a few days ago, the highest was 4½. Regnant financiers are assiduously striving to keep the monetary market in a reassuring condition. This much has been sufficiently plain to every observant mind since the middle of June. An additional hardening in loan charges would not be calculated to promote attempts to issue new foreign loans of a total par value of \$300,000,000. It's quite significant that the chroniclers of Wall Street's doings put emphasis upon the reactionary

developments in the general bond list. Even Government securities display a downward tendency. The past week brought another depreciation of a half point both in the Panama 2s and the old 4s. The latter now are quoted at 109½, against 111½ on March 2. New York City 4½s, of 1963, denote a decline of over a point, that is, from 107½ to 106¾. The general 4 per cent bonds of the Atchison, T. & Santa Fé have declined from 95½ to 92½ in recent times; the 4 per cent gold bonds of the Baltimore & Ohio, from 92½ to 90¼; the Central Pacific guaranteed 4s, from 91 to 88½; Chicago, M. & St. Paul general 4½s, from 104 to 101; Chicago & Northwestern general 4s, from 95½ to 93½, and Louisville & Nashville unified 4s, from 96 to 94. Numerous other instances in point will readily occur to every informed student of financial markets.

It's not altogether improbable, in truth, reasonable to suppose, that the downward movement in bond valuations in the United States is symptomatic, to some extent, of a gradual readjustment to the radically altered state of financial markets and standards on the other side of the Atlantic. We cannot expect wholly to escape the injurious influences and effects of the changes occasioned by the war. The British 4½ per cent war loan is quoted at 97; in ante-bellum days, British bonds drawing 4½ per cent would have been worth at least 120. The French Government's 5 per cent war loan is quoted at 89¼; in the good old times, such bonds would have been rated at not less than 122. The Anglo-French 5 per cent bonds, brought out in this country ten months ago, are selling at 95¾ in the Wall Street market, or at less than the price paid by the underwriting syndicate of American bankers. Many thousands of private investors purchased them at 98 to 98¼. It is anticipated, of course, that in due time the price should rise to par and over, in accordance with the precedents of the past. On March 1 last, those securities could be bought at 93½, despite the fact that they bear the joint guaranty of the British and French Governments. There is no reliable information available as regards the values of Austrian, German, Italian, and Russian bonds, but there can be no question that they, likewise, are at abnormally low levels.

There's another point to be stressed in this connection, namely, the insignificant extent of the improvement that has taken place, so far, since the accentuation of hopes as to peace at an early date. The price of British consols is 61 at present: the minimum of some time ago was 56¾. We are told by competent authorities that the enhancement derived chiefly from temporary plentifulness of loanable funds. Even the raised quotation of 61 implies a lower valuation than that existent in the first month of the conflict. The 3 per cent French rentes are quoted at 63¼; they were down to 61 not long ago. In the first week of the war, they were yet selling at 72 and 73. The annals of finance inform us that in the past two centuries the quotations for Government stocks commenced to "discount" the return of peace at an early time in every great war. Since they have not done this in the prevailing conflict, it must



be assumed that the decisive event has not yet occurred, or that the financial burdens have become so enormous that the magnates of the markets for money and securities feel utterly bewildered in their minds as to future prospects. The latter assumption I consider the most tenable and the most important.

If we compare the quoted prices for the outstanding bonds of belligerent nations with those for first-class municipal and corporation securities in the United States, we find that the latter are selling on lower investment bases in a considerable number of cases. Take the British 4½ per cent bonds. Their quotation of 97 contrasts with one of 100½ for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's 4½ per cent bonds, of 1921. The Anglo-French 5s are selling at a price nearly six points below that ruling for Laclede Gas Light Company 5s, of St. Louis.

The June report of the Department of Agriculture puts the prospective total winter wheat production at 759,000,000 bushels, against 715,000,000 a month ago. The 1915 results were 1,011,000,000 bushels. The indicated corn harvest is placed at 2,866,000,000 bushels, against 3,055,000,000 last year. We are given to understand that there's a possibility that the final returns might be slightly in excess of those of 1915, if climatic conditions are propitious in the remainder of the season. It would appear from the latest official report, and from trustworthy private advices, that the 1916 harvests will, taken as a whole, be sufficiently large to insure another year of good business for the railroad companies, as well as substantial surplus quantities for shipment to foreign countries, if we include the excesses carried over from the 1915-16 season. A wheat yield of 759,000,000 bushels, for example, would imply an exportable surplus of at least 425,000,000 bushels.

On the Chicago Board of Trade, the ruling prices for the September deals in wheat, corn, and oats are \$1.09, 74¾ cents, and 39½ cents, respectively. The corresponding records last year were \$1.03¾, 74 cents, and 37¾ cents. In view of the rumors of peace before December 31, the higher quotations for the three staples seem remarkable. They indicate that primary and secondary holders maintain a firm attitude, and that the speculative interests are looking toward still high figures some months hence.

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### Finance in St. Louis.

It's a steady and resilient market on Fourth Street. The volume of transactions seems satisfactory, considering seasonal influences and the sagging prices in Wall Street. There are no particular favorites for the present, but most of the trading occurs in the industrial department. Eighty shares of Union Sand & Material were transferred, lately, at 75 to 75.75; fifty Wagner Electric at 248; ten St. Louis Trans-



fer at 78.25; one hundred and sixty Independent Breweries first preferred at 26; thirty National Candy common at 5.62½ and 5.75, and twenty General Roofing preferred at 102. The figures given show no changes of real importance. The relative firmness of Wagner Electric certificates at prices not much below the highest on record is in striking contrast to the weakness of similar issues down East. It indicates that holders entertain cheerful anticipations regarding the company's finances and dividend prospects.

United Railways 4s have moved up a half point; the present price is 61; some weeks ago the bonds sold at 59. The improvement has been attended by a marked contraction in the daily turnovers. Very little was done in the shares, preferred and common; the selling prices are 16 and 4, respectively.



The main liquidating movement in these issues apparently has run its course.

Nothing of consequence happened in the banking group. About twenty-five shares of Bank of Commerce were sold at 108. Ten Mechanics-American National brought 250. While this would appear a fair valuation, it represents a decline of \$15 from the top record in 1915.

Interest rates in St. Louis are firmly held at their moderately higher levels. A further advance would not be surprising, in view of financial tendencies in New York, and the growing necessities of the agricultural communities. Bankers are not expectant of an unpleasant pinch, however, neither in the near nor in the farther future.

#### Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
German-American Bank	202	
Mechanics-American Nat.	250 1/2	252
Nat. Bank of Commerce	106 1/2	107
United Railways com.	4 1/4	4 1/2
do pfd.	15 7/8	
do 4s	62 3/4	63
Laclede Gas com.	105	
do 1st 5s	101 1/2	
Kinloch Telephone 6s	105 3/4	
K. C. Home Tel. 5s	91 1/2	
do 5s (\$100)	92	
Missouri Edison 5s		100 1/4
Union Sand and Material	76 1/4	
Ely & Walker 1st pfd.	107	
do 2d pfd.		89
Kennard Carpet com.	115	
International Shoe com.	97 1/2	98 1/2
Laclede-Christy com.	65	
do pfd.	104 1/2	
General Roofing pfd.		101
Hamilton-Brown	118	119
Independent Brew. 6s	60 3/4	61 1/2
National Candy com.	5 3/4	6
do 1st pfd.	98 1/2	
do 2d pfd.	77	80
National Enameling com.	22 1/2	23 1/2
Wagner Electric	247 1/2	

#### Answers to Inquiries.

OBSERVER, St. Louis.—Granite-Bimetallic is a decidedly uncertain quantity, and has been ever since the time most of the original owners let go at altitudinous prices, and retired in order to enjoy or to abuse their profits. The stock is a very risky gamble; there is not anybody, outside of the innermost circle, who has more than the vaguest sort of idea as to intrinsic value. Wherefore, I would not advise supplementary purchases at the current price of 60; whether they may give you a chance to get rid of your holdings acquired at 91, a few months ago, is hard to foretell.

MANUFACTURER, Peoria, Ill.—The bonds of the Canadian Government, floated in the United States, are a good investment, and not overvalued at present prices when compared with germane pre-war records. They may decline some, however, say three or four points, in the next year or two. Indeed, they already have lost a full point. The securities should suit you if you intend to hold for a permanent investment.

J. M. McE., Kansas City, Mo.—The distant options in wheat should prove satisfactory purchases if entered at favorable opportunities. There's an extensive short interest, and the slant is obviously toward higher levels. The market is much more inclined to respond to "bullish" than to "bearish" news. Purchasers should be amply protected, though, for sharp fluctuations are certain to be witnessed under existing and prospective conditions.

PUZZLED, Memphis, Tenn.—The Maxwell Motor Company could doubtless pay a dividend on its second preferred shares. Such action has been looked for ever since the close of 1915. But

the Board of Directors may see fit to accumulate a still larger surplus for possible days of adversity after conclusion of the European struggle. There is now noticeable a distinctly cautious attitude in commercial and industrial circles. Would not recommend purchases of the stock.

STUDENT, Fairbury, Neb.—Union Pacific preferred is an investment stock. Not overrated at 82, the current quotation. There's no probability of a serious depreciation. You would, therefore, be justified in buying at the first good chance. You might be able to get it at 79 before long.

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## Life in A U-Town

By C. F. Shandrew

Of all the boys that come to our house we like Peavy best, even if he is a student at the university and has a name that impolite people laugh at. We happen to know that the family name given to Peavy was originally Peavine; that the Peavines (now Peavy) are an old, very respectable and very rich family, and this is reason enough in Philadelphia for giving a child such a name. Besides, if he hadn't been named Peavy, he would have been given some other name. Indeed, he might have been born Dripps, Pease, or Passwater—all honorable Philadelphia names. Only frivolous-minded people attach any significance to names, anyway. "To every thoughtful person," says Maeterlinck, "there comes a time when he realizes that the plain, simple truth is more wonderful than any possible exaggeration can be"—an observation which comes to mind when we run across people actually living under such names as Lemon Peel and Burd Grubb.

But I am digressing.

Peavy was out to supper again last night and it wasn't long before we were engaged in the discussion of Great Themes.

"Have you noticed how large our favorable balance of trade is growing?" asked Peavy.

"Have some of this goat food," said I, passing him the clam fritters.

"Insinuating anything?" said Peavy, with a laugh, glancing at my plate.

"We'll see," I answered, helping myself. "At any rate, we'll start even. Let me tell you that the favorable balance of trade notion is nothing but buncombe inflated with hot air and made plausible by statistics. It's as foolish as a child's notion that five pennies are more money than a nickel, or that a sixth is greater than a fifth. It's as hollow as a drum, a meaningless noise, parrot talk, piffle, a dust raiser, a refuge for ignorance, a—a—a—"

"Them's harsh words, Nell," quoted Peavy from the comic page, "but why take the matter so seriously? There must be something in it when all the professors of economics, financial writers, bankers, statesmen and newspaper editors believe it. If we export more goods than we import and the difference comes back to us in pure gold, as President McKinley said it did, why it's self-evident that the balance is favorable."

"As self-evident as it is unimportant," said I. "That's one reason why



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." No. 4

## Gouveneur Morris—"Father of the Penny"

AMONG all the framers of the Constitution of the United States none were more adept at constructive statesmanship than the "father of the American decimal system" and originator of the copper cent. The finish, style and arrangement of the Constitution fairly belong to the brilliant and eloquent Morris. From his youth to the hour of his death he was a devoted and dauntless worker for American progress. His unrivaled ability as an orator was known throughout Europe, and his funeral orations on Washington, Clinton and Hamilton are treasured American classics. Gouveneur Morris was an indomitable supporter of the Louisiana Purchase. He it was who rescued LaFayette from prison walls and aided him from his private purse. Personally he was very handsome; his nature was impulsive, but his heart was warm and

generous. He loved society, and his hospitality was famous. All his life he drank the creative brews of malt and hops, and who will dare say that it weakened his will power or detracted from his success, his fame, his glory and his might? It was upon the tenets of the Constitution of the U. S. A. that Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. During these 58 years they have daily brewed from the finest barley and hops beers famous for being alive with natural force and nutriment. Their great brand BUDWEISER, because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of any other bottled beer by millions of bottles. BUDWEISER'S popularity grows daily, and 7500 people are daily employed to keep pace with the public demand.

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ant," said I. "That's one reason why its iteration is so irritating. Have you ever noticed that things that are different are not alike; that the ocean stops at the shore; that when you are sick you are not well, and how damp it is when it rains?"

"I think I have," answered Peavy, "but I wouldn't mention such things. They're too obvious."

"Good boy, Peavy," said I, "stick to that rule and nobody will ever suspect you've been to a university. Well, your favorable balance of trade notion is just as full of solemn truth and shallow wisdom, just as unimportant and inconsequential, just as impossible to reply to. It's like the palaver of a politician addressed to the dear peepul—to be laughed at, not to be taken seriously."

"Still," said Peavy, doubtfully, as he put on his cap and made for the door, "it sounds as though there was something in it."

"So does contraception, class consciousness, minimum wage, protection,

eugenics, Billysundayism, feminism, preparedness, vaccination, noisy patriotism, free silver, race suicide, income taxation and other red herrings," said I.

But Peavy had gone, and I don't believe he heard my last remark.

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#### Real Grief

At a wine party of young men at one of the colleges, notes of apology were handed in from two of the proposed guests, who were unable to attend owing to the death of their father. A young gentleman, heir to a considerable property, who had been partaking freely of the hospitalities of the festive board, suddenly burst into tears. "Was this dear old gentleman a friend of yours?" asked the sympathetic host. "No, no, it's not that," sobbed the guest; "only—I was just thinking—everybody's father dies but mine."

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When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



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## PARK REVIEW

With Roger Gray, Miss Florence  
Mackey and Carl Haydn.

Now Playing:

**"WHEN JOHNNY COMES  
MARCHING HOME"**

## SHENANDOAH

Grand and Shenandoah.

SUMMER SEASON OF PICTURES  
Wednesday, July 12, Lillian Walker  
in

"The Man Behind the Curtain"

Thursday and Friday, July 13 and  
14, Carlyle Blackwell in

"Sally in Our Alley"

AND TWO-PART ADE FABLE

Saturday, July 15, Theda Bara in

"The Galley Slave"

Eves., 7 & 9; Mats., Wed., Sat., &  
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Game Starts  
at 3:30 O'clock

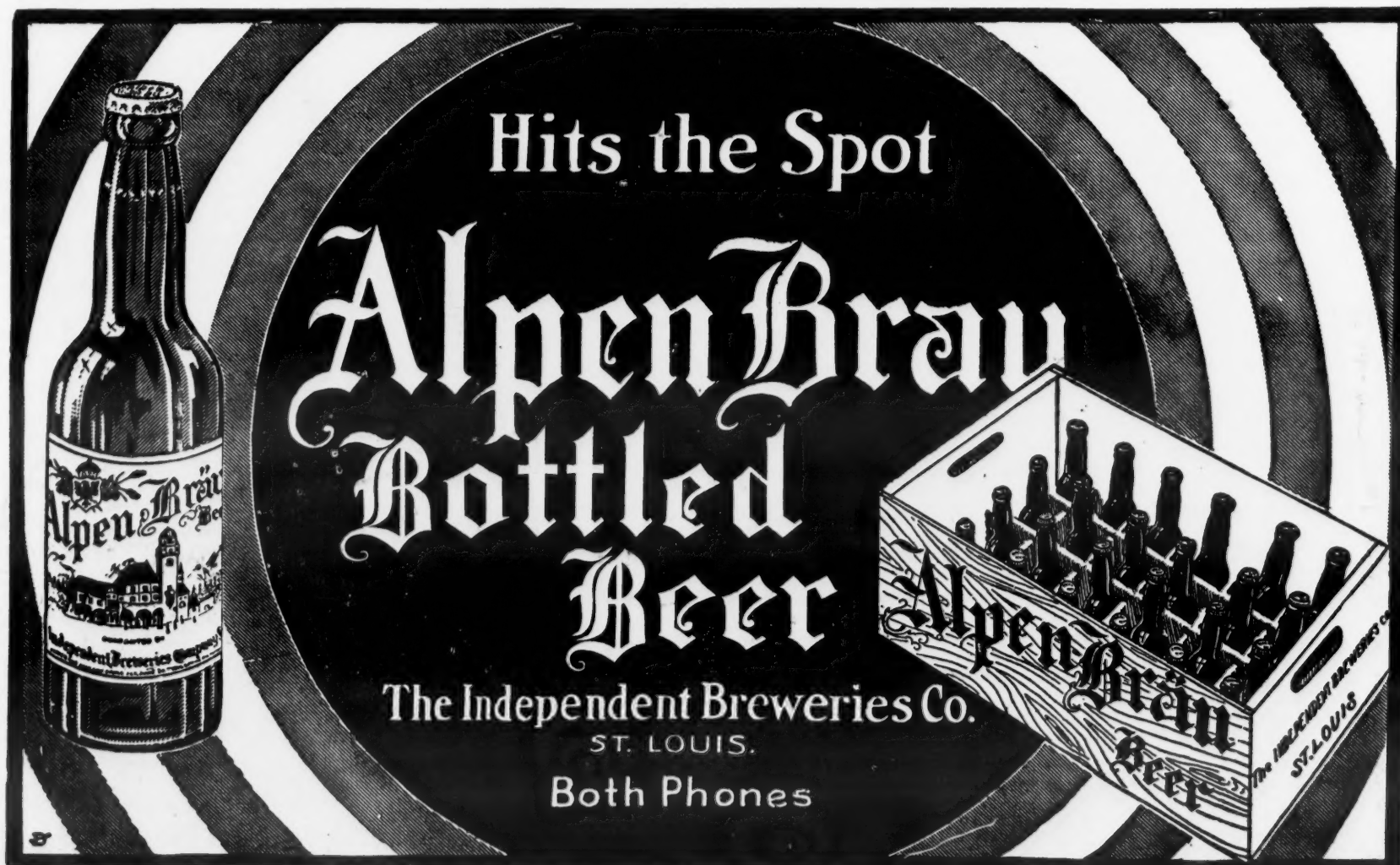
July 13, 14

**Cardinals vs. Brooklyn**

July 15, 16, 17, 18

**Cardinals vs. New York**

Reserved Seats and Box Tickets on Sale at Mackey's & Spiro's, 519  
Olive Street, and at Robison Field.



Hits the Spot

# Alpen Bräu Bottled Beer

The Independent Breweries Co.  
ST. LOUIS.  
Both Phones